WILL FOOTBALLERS STRIKE? **(See p. 17.)**

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 148. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING SEPT. 2ND, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 148. WEEK ENDING SEPT. 2ND, 1911. ONE PENNY.

R.A.M.C. EXTRA PAY.

To a man who is interested in medical work as well as soldiering, the Royal Army Medical Corps has much to offer, and the pay is good.

A soldier employed as special attendant in cases of infectious or contagious disease, which compels the isolation of patient and attendant, gets eightpence a day extra pay. A soldier who is employed as dispenser gets an additional daily "tanner," provided he is not above the rank of sergeant.

One shilling a day extra is credited to a non-commissioned officer who is employed as dispenser on board a troopship proceeding to or from India.

HOW TO SEAL LETTERS.

Men would be surprised to know how often letters reach their destination either unstuck, or having been stuck down by others through whose hands they have passed.

Most people give a quick lick, push the flap of the envelope down, and trust to Providence or the postman to do the rest.

A certain amount of even pressure should always be used upon letters after they are licked. This gives the moist gum a chance of getting a grip of the paper.

All envelope flaps have a tendency to spring up, and many a letter while lying in the pillar-box or post-office comes open to the world, when its sender fondly thinks all is safe and sealed. A small heavy article of any sort makes a good letter weight.

DOES YOUR BAG LOCK UP?

Does your bag lock? Probably it does, for you have been so accustomed to take it with you, and keep it near you on your short visits and week-ends, that it has never worried you.

But there comes a time when it has to be left in strange hands for twenty-four hours, and you think you will lock it. Then you discover that there is no key; you don't recollect having had a key to it, and, in fact, you don't know whether the catch is only a catch or a proper lock.

In an emergency of this sort it is a useful plan to attach the label, with your name and address, to one of the straps or other fasteners in such a way that the bag cannot be opened without first cutting the string of the label.

Many a rogue will not hesitate to unstrap a bag, but he will hesitate when it comes to undoing a number of knots in thin string, intricately interwoven with the fastening itself, for that would show plainly that the bag had been tampered with.

CHEEK.

"The King," says a weekly paper, "is credited with a witty vein." Dear old Mrs. Footler was quite concerned when she read it. "Dearie me!" she murmured, "I hope it's nothing like those varicose ones my poor husband used to have!"

* * *

No, Cuthbert, that newspaper headline on "Seashore Games" had nothing to do with mixed bathing.

* * *

I understand that out-of-work foreign waiters are liable to suffer at the hands of the police. Although they are without bobs, they doubtless have more of the bobbies than they really require.

* * *

Sartorial experts say that "plum pudding" bowler hats are the fashion just now. Quite appropriate in the boiling heat that prevails at the time of writing.

* * *

Considerable indignation was aroused in the breasts of crusted Tory fathers of public school cadets, recently in camp on Salisbury Plain, when they learned from the "Daily Mail" that their sons had been served with Liberal Rations.

* * *

In Mr. Robert Courtneidge's No. I. North Co. of "The Arcadians," much success has been achieved by Miss Margaret Swallow as Sombra. All of which leads easily to the question: How much applause can Miss Margaret Swallow?

* * *

Talking of Eastern novels, a writer says: "They pour forth with a prodigal luxuriance never stimulated by the climate of Battersea." Naturally, no torrid heat is required in a borough which already possesses its Burns.

* * *

Another persecution of the poor natives of Morocco! A contemporary complains of people who have been practising "Snobbery on the Moors."

* * *

Says a philosopher: "You have to be very rich to be able to eat peas with your knife." Personally, I thought that the chief requirement was a steady hand.

* * *

Talking of the latest form of cooking apparatus, a not disinterested weekly explains "How To Get the Bags." Henpecking wives will want to know, in addition, how to *wear* them once they have been obtained.

J. S. Cox.

FOR THE BED-SITTING ROOM.

Living, as so many thousands of men do, in diggings, it is essential that they should be as comfortable as possible—more comfortable than the average landlady is sometimes inclined to make them.

There is one article of furniture that makes the barest room comfortable, and this is a fairly large but very soft, thick rug at the bedside.

If one had to do without anything in diggings, this should not be that thing. A soft warm rug makes even getting up on a cold morning a great deal less disagreeable. It has a luxurious feel that gives a sense of comfort.

DEER-HUNTING BEGINS.

The deer-hunting season has been reopened in Devonshire.

Of course, this is not to be compared with the infamous practice of hunting the carted deer in enclosed country near London, but at its best deer-hunting, which is not at all the same thing as deerstalking, seems to most men rather a cruel sport.

A deer is not vermin like the fox. That applies equally to deerstalking; but as a rule the deerstalker kills his victim swiftly and practically painlessly, whereas the hunted deer often dies a horrible and lingering death.

Even when hounds are beaten off, and his life preserved, he has been put to great mental agony and torture, being the highly-sensitive animal that he is.

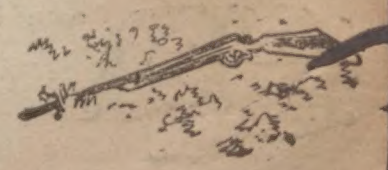
WIND AND THE GROUSE SHOT.

The wind is one of the most important points which the grouse-shooting novice, or the man who does not enjoy very frequent opportunities for the sport, has to consider.

Most of us know that the birds invariably rise with their breasts up-wind; so that what must be done is to wait for the exact moment when they are on the turn to fly down wind.

Great care and stalker's cunning must be exercised when following a dog up-wind. Say you are walking up a moor towards a ridge. It is one of the most annoying things that can happen if you arrive at the top and find birds scuttling or flying off because you have been careless enough to disturb them. It is the French birds, by the way, who scuttle—a habit which is keenly irritating to the sportsman who has to wait patiently until they get up before he can shoot.

They are useful, however, in a way, for they will sometimes scare a party of English birds, who, instead of adopting Gallic tactics, will get up quickly and give you your wished-for chance.



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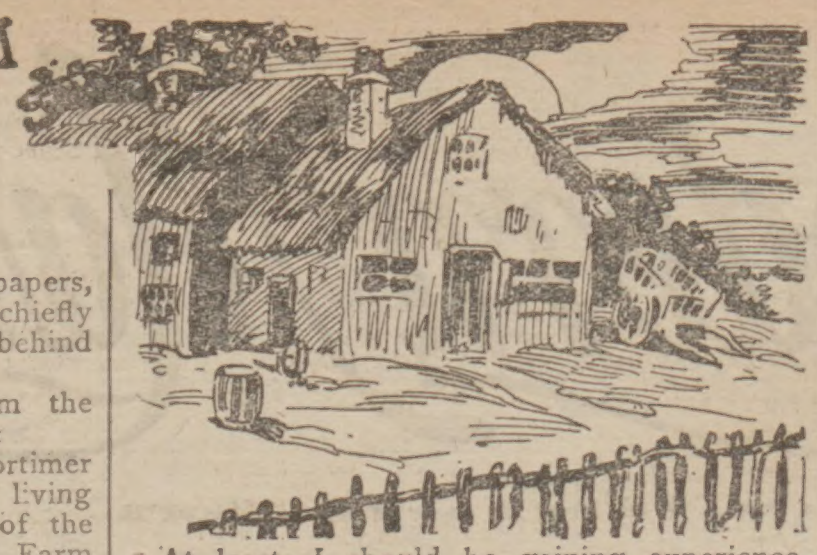


A THRILLING DETECTIVE STORY.

By E. G. PAIKES.

The case, as reported in the newspapers, struck me as extremely interesting, chiefly because there appeared to be no motive behind the crime.

So far as could be gathered from the papers, what had happened was this:

An old gentleman, named Mr. Mortimer Howes, had for some six months been living at a small farmhouse on the borders of the New Forest. It was called the Camp Farm because of its proximity to a hill on which stood the remains of a Roman fort. It had been these remains, it appeared, which had induced Mr. Howes to take up his residence on this farm, for he was a keen antiquary.

The tenants of the farm were a man Jackson and his wife. They might, perhaps, have been termed small-holders rather than farmers, for their employees consisted only of one man and a young lad, who did odd jobs.

On a certain Sunday afternoon Jackson and his wife went to the neighbouring town, which was five miles away, to visit some friends. They did not return until nine in the evening, and, as they expected, the old gentleman had gone to bed.

They were homely folks, and it appeared that he was homely, too, for it was his habit to have a glass of hot whisky and water after he had retired to bed, and to have this potation brought to him by Mrs. Jackson.

On knocking at his bedroom door that Sunday evening she received no reply, and, fearing that something might be the matter with the old gentleman (such was the story she told), she entered the room.

The lamp which usually burned on the table beside his bed was out, but she had a candle, and it showed her the body of her lodger stretched upon the bed, with the throat cut from ear to ear.

The newspapers added the unnecessary but somewhat graphic information that, on seeing what had happened, Mrs. Jackson dropped the tumblerful of hot whisky and water.

Suspicion fell upon the woman's story, and the police cross-questioned her and her husband closely, and, moreover, took pains to corroborate the statement they made; but they were unable to break down their evidence.

The Jacksons could prove by many witnesses that they were five miles away at the time when the murder must have taken place.

The motive of robbery was improbable, for Mr. Howes, as far as could be ascertained, depended for his income upon an annuity which he drew periodically from the local post-office, and he never had in his possession any considerable sum of money, for he paid away to his landlord the bulk of his annuity.

The Jacksons being freed from suspicion, the police next cross-examined the man and the boy who were employed upon the farm, but they also could prove conclusive alibies, for both had gone to their respective homes for the afternoon, as is the custom with labourers on a farm, and neither had returned until after the discovery had been made.

The finger of suspicion pointed at no one, and yet Mr. Mortimer Howes had been done to death.

All this happened while I was still young in my profession, and clients at that time were few, for the connection of a successful private inquiry agent is not built up in a month or a year.

The case fascinated me, and I determined to do what I could to probe the mystery, even although I had not been retained by anyone to do so, and should have to bear my own expenses.

At least, I should be gaining experience, and in the event of my being successful in solving the mystery I should probably secure that publicity which is so necessary to a young man in my line of business.

Such were my feelings at the moment, but now when I come to review the whole matter dispassionately I doubt whether I should go through it again, for in connection with this case I came as near to losing my life as I have ever done.

An early morning train took me to Hampshire some ten days after the murder. The station nearest to the Camp Farm was about seven miles from it, but I had no reluctance to tackling the walk, for the country was, to my way of thinking, at its best; the first tints of autumn were appearing on the trees, and the air was crisp and exhilarating.

I was dressed as if I were on a walking tour, and had equipped myself with a small knapsack and a snapshot camera. In such a character I might safely pass myself off at the farm as an inquisitive tourist, and I therefore made my way to it without delay.

The house I found to be small and in a semi-dilapidated condition, and there were various signs that its occupants were none too well off. My knock was answered by Mrs. Jackson, whom it was easy to recognise from the photo which had been published in the papers.

I inquired whether I might purchase refreshment, and to this she readily agreed. While I was eating the meal which she prepared for me I drew her into conversation, telling her frankly that I had read about the murder, and that it was for this reason that I had come.

She was by no means unwilling to talk, but she told me nothing except what she had already told the police and the reporters; in fact, she stuck to the published evidence with remarkable accuracy.

"It's a great hardship a thing like that happening in a house," she said. "We'll be a long time finding another lodger."

"It's all nonsense for you to talk about people being frightened away," I protested. "To prove it isn't so, I'll be your lodger—for one night, anyhow—if you'll have me. I'm interested in Roman remains, and I want to study the camp at my leisure. Is it a bargain?"

She looked a little puzzled.

"You see, it's this way, sir," she said, at length. "Mr. Howes had the best room, and I haven't got that tidied up yet—the police only took the seals off the door the day before yesterday. But if you'd be content with a very small room we could put you up. We have a larger one, but we're keeping that for Mr. Walter Howes; he's coming down from London this evening."

Further inquiry elicited the fact that this Mr. Walter Howes was the only known relative of the dead man, and that he had just returned form America.

"Poor fellow!" Mrs. Jackson remarked. "It was a terrible shock to him. He was very attached to his uncle, and came straight here when he landed at Southampton. That was only a week before the murder, and he saw his uncle alive again."

When I had finished my meal I set to find the farmer himself, and eventu I discovered him clearing out a ditch at bottom of a field.

Unlike his wife, he was extremely to turn, and refused to discuss the murder all. Incidentally I may mention that he one of the ugliest men I have ever short of stature, awkward in his movem and with a face covered by an ill-kept beard. He seemed pleased when I inform him that I had arranged with his wife to the night, but nothing I could do would duce him to talk of the subject nearest thoughts.

I therefore returned to the house and quested Mrs. Jackson to show me the where the crime had been committed. she did, and I produced my camera took some snapshots of it. I pretended find the light troublesome, and fooled with the camera till at length the left me and went downstairs.

As soon as I was alone I laid down camera and commenced a hasty examinat of the room. The police had removed Mr. Howes's personal belongings and the bedding, but otherwise the room had apparently been disarranged, nor, which more important, had it been cleaned or

I examined the door and its lock discovering anything. Then I gave my tion to the window, which was one of fashioned casement type, the two sides held together with a simple catch. I the window open, leant out, and inspected frame beside the catch. At one side was a peculiar mark, such as might been made by a small gimlet. It was viously of recent date, and might have made by someone attempting to force window-catch from outside.

The floor beside the window was covered with dust, and had been much upon by the police; but close against wall, and half-hidden by the curtain, was one patch which bore the traces muddy boot, and they had not been a policeman's boot, but by one of a and more pointed variety. Moreover, were indications that the boot had been paired at the toe, for there was a rim of mud across the footprint about inches from the point.

I measured the print carefully, and just resumed my photographic operations Mrs. Jackson returned.

During the day I offered cigars to to his man, and even to the boy, and on occasion borrowed their knives to cut own cigar in order to ascertain whether of them possessed a sporting knife gimlet amongst its other fittings, but unsuccessful.

In the evening Walter Howes made appearance. He was a man about thirty possessed a certain amount of fra of manner. He admitted that he not been successful in America, and the object of his visit was to search his room to discover whether the old man hidden a will anywhere. None had found amongst his baggage, and, if were discovered, Walter Howes would to his property as next-of-kin.

He confided to me the fact that the man had been richer than was supposed that he had various investments which never touched, living solely on his annuity.

I offered young Howes a cigar, as done the other men, and, to my astonish I discovered that his knife had on such a gimlet as would have made the on the window-sash. It was difficult to conceal my satisfaction at the discov but I believe I succeeded in doing so

(*Continued on page 17.*)

OUR BEST BOXERS.

FACTS AND STORIES ABOUT THE FANCY.

English boxers are, in a great many cases, of fully modest temperament. Either they do not lavour, or else they do not understand as fully as do their Yankee brethren, the art of gaining publicity. This is why the great bulk of the public knows so little about our big boxers.

Undoubtedly the commanding figure in the British pugilistic world at the present time is Bombardier Billy Wells. His rise to fame has been extremely rapid, for hardly over two years ago Wells was quite unknown outside a narrow military circle.

It was while in India with his regiment that he first adopted the four-ouncers, which picturesque phrase of the fancy signifies taking part in a contest or open competition.

WELLS'S PROGRESS.

He won his first contest, and continued his series of successes until he became champion heavy-weight of India. But nobody thought much of that. It was believed that, pitted against the cream of the British fancy, Wells would drop into insignificance again.

Mr. Gene—otherwise known as "Genial"—Corbett saw him fight and beat Gunner Mills and Gunner McMurray, and formed an opinion that Wells might one day attain to first-class form.

This was the beginning of the Bombardier's career. Newspaper writing, for some enterprising paper got hold of the statement and published it, metamorphosed into a declaration that Wells stood a good chance of beating Johnson.

Although every English-lover wishes the best of luck to Billy—one of the straightest fighters that ever stepped into a ring—the majority of the clever ones" appreciate his trying conditions with the big black just yet.

Johnny Summers.

They recall the words of Kid McCoy, who was asked by his supporters to fight Bob Fitzsimmons before beating Dan Creedon. The Kid was not to be tempted.

"No, no," he said wisely. "Guess I've got to learn a bit first."

LEARNING EXPERIENCE.

And his way of doing this was to spar with the best and best men of the day, Tommy Ryan and Jim Corbett, and carefully to study the methods of his prospective antagonist, Bob Fitzsimmons.

What the knowing ones want Billy Wells to do is to assist in training some of the best black fighters such as Sam McVea (the big Californian fighter who is keenly desirous of meeting Jack Johnson) Sam Langford, or Joe Jeannette.

These men have undeniably greater pretensions to Johnson's class than Wells has, or than any of the men whom Wells has ever fought. With men as these Billy would improve his quick-leading hand and foot, gain additional power in fighting Johnson. Wells's right can hit like a horse kick; but, like a good many other men, he does not know yet how to get his weight behind punches properly.

One of the sorest British boxers just now is Owen Moran, the clever Birmingham light-weight. He has recently come back from America, where he was knocked out in the thirteenth round by Wolgast, the American light-weight champion, on July 4, in their contest for the world's championship at the weight.

Moran says that he wasn't himself at the time, and describes his lack of condition to a milk and egg diet. He became a rigid teetotaller last April, when he had been accustomed to an occasional glass of ale for years. As a result, to use his own words, "I looked clean and good, but when it came down to rough fighting I wasn't there."

THE OTHER WELLS.

His dictum, given here, may interest boxing readers who are debating the pros and cons of teetotalism in training. "Total abstinence," says Moran, "isn't good for a boxer if he has been used to malt liquors for ten years."

An English boxer, on the other hand, who has flattered his supporters a lot lately is Matt Wells, the light-weight. He is understood to bear no relationship to the Bombardier, though a great many people make mistakes about it.

Freddie Welsh.

At the time of writing, Matt has fought his third fight and scored his third win in his American trip by decisively beating "Fighting" Dick Hyland in ten rounds at Albany, New York. He won a good, typically British fight, puzzling the American, who tried to clinch, with repeated left jabs at the mouth, which brought back strong reminders of Jem Mace in his best years.

A rather humorous touch is given to the situation by the action of some Yankee wags who call the beaten man, not "Fighting," but "Frightened" Dick Hyland, now.

Johnny Summers doesn't get so much limelight thrown upon him since Freddie Welsh beat him, and he is not meeting boxers of the same quality now-a-days. This is a pity, for Summers is one of the best type of fighters, clean, fair, and hard-hitting. Quick as lightning on his feet, he does not indulge in the clinching and butting tactics which so many critics have imputed to his late adversary, Welsh.

WELSH VERSUS WOLGAST.

Welsh, by the way, will, in all probability, be the next man to attempt to wrest the World's Championship from Owen Moran's conqueror, Wolgast, whom he is to meet at Los Angeles, California, on November 23rd, each man to weigh 133lb. at the ringside, a weight which both are supposed to be able to compass with ease.

Probably Welsh, who now and then has to listen to pointed remarks from referees in the course of his bouts, will have an easier time in America, for, according to Owen Moran, Yankee referees are not nearly so strict as their British confrères. Moran, by the way, draws an interesting comparison, showing the moral effect on English boxers of English referees, and how this affects the former when they go to America.

Packie McFarland.

"Referees in England are too strict," he says. "Until they cease to discourage in-fighting, there is no prospect of England winning any of the championships."

The reason of this, says Moran, is that "referees take the heart out of English boxers, and when they go into the ring in America they are scared." He says that our own referees allow no English boxer to be good enough at in-fighting or rough work.

Owen Moran.

Owen Moran's opinion of Wolgast, who beat him, is interesting, for it happens to be not far wrong.

Wolgast, he says, knows little about either boxing or fighting. He is just an adept at wrestling and clinching, and never opens out. Moran gives "Packie" McFarland (who is to meet Matt Wells) the credit of being the only American boxer who boxes in the English style, saying that he is the cleverest man in America to-day and never butts or fights foul in any way.

R. A. WITHERINGTON.

CORD OR WIRE?

What are you going to hang those sporting-prints with, and those photographs taken during your holiday? They will soon be framed, and unless you set to work and hang them they will lie in a heap beneath your bed or at the side of your desk for months.

You will be well advised if you use thin gilt wire to hang them. It is cleaner, stronger, more attractive to look at, and in every way better than the old-fashioned method of using thick cord.

To attach the wire to the wall there are flat brass brackets that are an ornament in themselves, and do away with the ugly, and wall-breaking big nail.

LEAGUE POINTS.

FOOTBALL DATES OF IMPORTANCE.

The English Football League was founded in 1888 by Mr. William McGregor, of Birmingham.

It consisted at first of the following clubs: Accrington, Aston Villa, Blackburn Rovers, Bolton Wanderers, Burnley, Derby County, Everton, Notts County, Preston North End, West Bromwich Albion, and Wolverhampton Wanderers.

Of the original clubs only Aston Villa, Everton, and Blackburn Rovers have never known the pangs of dissolution or relegation to the Second Division, which, by the way, was created in 1892, the First Division being enlarged to sixteen clubs, with twelve clubs in the Second Division.

Promotion and relegation were determined by test matches at the end of the season between the three lowest clubs in the First Division and the three highest clubs in the Second Division, the four lowest clubs in the Second Division retiring automatically.

In 1895 the Test Match system was altered, the two lowest and two highest clubs in the respective divisions meeting in matches to decide their fate for the ensuing season.

Two years later—this is, in 1897—the Test Matches, which led to many abuses and disorders, were abolished in favour of the present system, by which the two lowest and the two highest clubs in the First and Second Divisions automatically ascend and descend.

Other important dates in the League's history are 1891-92, when the first of the matches between the League and the Scottish League were played, and 1897, when the League and the Scottish League agreed to recognise the registration of players by their respective clubs.

TERRITORIAL ADJUTANTS

"CHINSTRAP" VOICES SOME CANDID CRITICISMS.

It is notorious that all is not well with the Territorial Force.

There is much inefficiency, even more discontent, and there have been more "regrettable incidents" during the recent annual trainings than have found their way into the newspapers.

The niggardly and repressive attitude of the military authorities towards our citizen army is doubtless partly responsible for this unsatisfactory state of affairs, but probably the real root of the evil lies with the Territorial adjutants.

The Territorial adjutant, who is a Regular officer seconded from his corps, has a much greater power for good or ill than his brother in the Regulars.

Occasionally a Regular regiment may suffer under a weak or lazy colonel, and become what is known as an 'adjutant regiment," but as a rule the adjutant's position is strictly subordinate to that of the senior officers, and his influence limited. A bad adjutant will not spoil a Regular regiment, provided the other officers are good.

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

In the Territorials, however, the adjutant has great power. His position may be likened to that of a clerk to a bench of county magistrates. He is the power behind the throne.

During nearly the whole of the year he has everything in his own hands, and even when out for training he virtually commands the regiment, unless his colonel happens to be an ex-Regular or a man of exceptional character and soldierly knowledge.

Apart from his official power, the Territorial adjutant's position in regimental life is very different from that of the Regular adjutant.

The latter lays aside his office the moment he comes off duty. He and the last-joined subaltern are on equal terms in the mess, and address each other by their surnames or nicknames.

In the Territorials it is customary for the junior officers at all times to address the adjutant as "Sir," or formally as Captain So-and-So.

This raises a barrier between him and his juniors, whereas it should be the adjutant's special province to train up young officers in the way they should go, and to be their friend and frank comrade.

LACK OF GOOD-FELLOWSHIP.

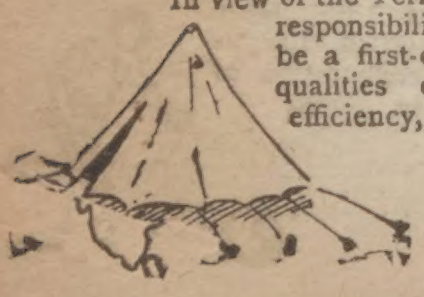
Incidentally, the average Territorial regiment lacks the "brother officer's" spirit. It places too much store by seniority and rank.

A short time ago I dined with a Territorial mess, and noticed, as I had noticed on other occasions, that the seniors all sat together at one end of the table, the juniors at the other, and I was told that the senior officers kept the same places night after night.

In a Regular corps nobody with the exceptions of the President and Vice-President of the Week has any right to a particular seat at mess, and it is an unwritten law that seniors and juniors should mix together as much as possible.

I noticed on this and previous occasions a complete want of genuine comradeship. The adjutant stood aloof, and everything was dreadfully stilted and formal.

In view of the Territorial adjutant's powers and responsibilities, it is clear that he should be a first-class man, possessed of high qualities of enthusiasm, professional efficiency, tact, and patience.



Too often he is a second- or third-rater, professionally incompetent, and temperamentally unfitted for his job.

Why is this? Well, a Territorial adjutancy does not offer many attractions to an ambitious man who is keen on his profession.

It seldom leads to anything. A zealous man is not encouraged by the authorities, who in their heart of hearts do not believe in the Territorial army, and do not wish it to succeed.

Many of his duties are of a dull and uninteresting nature. He may find himself stuck away in some dreary provincial manufacturing town where he cannot get congenial society or reasonable recreation.

NO CHANCE OF ACTIVE SERVICE.

Above all, he loses his chance of active service, unless the Territorials are called out, for if his own regiment is ordered on active service he is not allowed to rejoin it.

An adjutancy is held for three years, with potential leave to extend to five years, and a lot may happen in that time. The Territorial adjutant may have to sit at home and eat his heart out while his brother regimental officers are winning distinction.

True, there is the extra pay, which ranges from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a day, with certain allowances, but this is scarcely sufficient to tempt a really good man, though it is a bait to some, more especially married officers of slender means, for away from their regiments they can live as cheaply as they like and are saved many mess expenses.

Territorial adjutancies, therefore, are usually accepted for financial reasons by impecunious married officers, or by incompetent or unpopular officers whose regiments are only too glad to get rid of them.

UNQUALIFIED ADJUTANTS.

I know that, by the King's Regulations, an officer is not to be recommended for a Territorial adjutancy unless certified by his colonel as suited for the work, and as holding certain professional certificates, but the Regulations are laughed at.

I know a Territorial adjutant who can scarcely sit on his horse without falling off, yet he was solemnly certified by his colonel as proficient in horsemanship.

The Territorial regiment, then, often gets as its adjutant a much-married man who may be entirely well-meaning, but has no real qualifications for the work. Alternatively, it gets a "regimental bad bargain," who may be either a gross incompetent, or a man of objectionable character.

In the former case the warrant and non-commissioned officers of the permanent staff may save the regiment from total collapse, but in the latter case, Heaven help the corps cursed with such an adjutant!

NOTHING TO CHECK HIM.

In the Regulars an objectionable officer is kept in his place, but the Territorial adjutant is practically monarch of all he surveys, and if he likes to make himself nasty he has unlimited opportunities of doing so.

This type of adjutant generally has a profound contempt for Territorials, and makes no effort to conceal it. Soured by his failure to get on with his own brother-officers, he "takes it out of" his Territorial comrades, bullies and nags at both officers and men until discontent, even mutiny rears its ugly head.

The Territorial officer or man requires very tactful handling by the Regular officer, but he is too often at the mercy of an arrogant, ill-conditioned cad, who makes no bones of the fact that he hates his work and the men with whom it throws him into contact.

The mingled inefficiency and unsuitability of the majority of Territorial adjutants is a serious matter.

The Territorial adjutant has ample power to make or to mar his corps, and if the Territorial movement collapses nothing can save us from conscription.

The remedy is to make the Territorial adjutancy better worth holding than it is at present, to make it a stepping-stone to higher things, not, as it is at present a "blind alley," and to ensure the appointment of men of first-class professional acquirements only.

Further, the adjutant should be appointed on probation for, say, six months, so that both parties may have a chance of getting to know each other before coming to a final decision.

"CHINSTRAP."

AN ENDING.

A LONDON SKETCH.

By S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

It began, as events will, with a wholly unexpected, apparently unimportant circumstance.

He was walking along the pavement of a busy London thoroughfare one day, engrossed in his own affairs, taking little heed of what was transpiring about him. Suddenly there flashed into his perspective, and remained there for an instant, the frightened faces of two children!

He looked again, and saw that the children—a boy and girl—stood among a medley of barrels on a brewer's dray which had been drawn up by the gutter. Who brought the children in the dray he did not know—nor ever found out. The horse, which had been left untended, had evidently taken it into its mind to move, and was ploddingly slowly into the passing stream of traffic.

To step out quickly from the pavement and grasp the bridle was the instinctive action of a moment.

He was unaccustomed to handling horses, and, becoming flurried, he dragged heavily on the reins, bringing the horse round suddenly towards him and plunged.

It reared, fighting for its head, struck him on the chest, he knew he had fallen backwards, all he thought of were the hoofs of the horse.

Then there descended upon him the consciousness of a confused and ghastly helplessness. His whole nature screamed out to him to attempt to get up and escape.

The wheels of the dray were rolling forward. Prostrate on his back he lay, his eyes fixed on the blue above, across which a solitary white cloud was majestically sailing.

Partially stunned! Yet agonisedly vividly aware of the monumental inertia enveloping him.

Dimly through distance he heard shouts, staccato voices, felt desperate fingers clawing at his head, sensed rather than saw the proximity of the terrible wheels.

Then with grind and slow crunch the forewheel of the heavily-laden dray passed over his chest . . . once more . . . the wheel . . . with a sickening, unnecessary cruelty. . . .

He felt himself give utterance to a hoarse and frenzied scream. Pains of direful velocity shot across the black enclosing pall of his vision . . . agony wrenched in and out the canopy like jagged lightning.

Then far away in the uttermost recesses of his soul he laughed—laughed at the hideous absurdity of this annihilating catastrophe which but a minute before he had been whole and alive, pursuing his unsuspecting way.

HOW TO GET PLENTY OF SPORT

INTENDED CHIEFLY FOR THE MAN WHO FINDS HIMSELF IN NEW SURROUNDINGS.

A man may have his full share of sporting instincts and yet be unable to find an outlet for them, because he lacks the initiative necessary for discovering, or making opportunities.

It is not unusual to come across a man who says: "I used to go in for sports of various kinds, but I have dropped them all since I came to live here. Being a stranger, I can't get the chance for sport that a man has who's been brought up in the town where he's working."

You ask him how long it is since he left his native town, and learn that it was several years ago.

Several years, and he has not been able to find opportunities for enjoying his favourite sports!

A good deal depends upon individual inclinations; but whatever a man's favourite sport may be he can find opportunities for enjoying it in any town with a fair-sized population.

OBTAINING SECRETARIES' ADDRESSES.

If he wants to play football or tennis, or to practise swimming, or any other sport or game which necessitates being a member of a club, he can easily find the addresses of the clubs in his neighbourhood by consulting a local directory.

Some athletic clubs are careless in this respect, and do not have the addresses of their headquarters appearing in the directory. If this difficulty is encountered, a courteous letter to the editor of the local newspaper will bring the desired information.

When the address of the club has been obtained, all you have to do is to write to the secretary, explaining that you wish to take up this sport or game, and requesting that he will make an appointment with you. When you meet him he will give you particulars as to the amount of subscription and so forth, and having met him, you will be introduced in a proper style to the other members.

When you have joined one athletic club, it is a simple matter to be introduced into other, for most of your newly-made friends will be members of several different clubs.

FINDING A BOXING PARTNER.

There are other sports, however, which are not of the kind followed by clubs.

Boxing, for example, is sometimes taken up by a club, but as a general rule the amateur boxer depends for his practice upon occasionally spars with some other enthusiast.

Now there are many towns in which no sort of boxing club exists. How, then, are you to find someone with whom to practise?

Simply by inserting a short advertisement in the local paper, something to this effect: "Advertiser desires to meet someone keen on boxing for practice spars. Purely friendly meetings, with no payment on either side."

This will, as a rule, bring you several replies, for there are many others besides yourself who are only too anxious to find opportunity for enjoying boxing as a pastime, but who are unable to do so.

Often read the advertisements in newspapers often search the columns in vain for such announcement as that given above; but it does not somehow strike them that, instead of waiting, they ought to insert an advertisement of their own, which would produce results at once. Moreover, the charges made by local newspapers are usually very small.

A similar announcement can, of course, be used to find someone with whom to practise other sports. It is now quite usual for men to advertise for a companion of their own age to accompany them on a holiday; such a vacation is made more pleasant for both parties than it would have otherwise been, and many lasting friendships have been formed in this way.

One thing leads to another, and when you have made the acquaintance of several sportsmen in your locality you will generally be able to take up any form of recreation you wish.

One, for example, may have his home in the country, and may be able to give you a day's shooting at the parental farm.

Another may have a friend who possesses a motor-boat, and may be able to take you with him for a day's outing on the river.

Another, perhaps, has clubbed with some friends to share a sailing boat, which they keep down at the seaside, and there again you may receive a welcome invitation.

SPORT AT LITTLE COST.

If you are keen on learning to ride, but cannot afford the usual charges of a jobmaster, you can, perhaps, by making friends with a local stableman, arrange for a few lessons on the cheap, and in the same way you may be able to fix up the hiring of a horse at very moderate prices, provided you are prepared to take your exercise at some time when the horses are not required by the more wealthy patrons of the establishment.

As for billiards, you can learn or practise the game with the marker at any local billiard-room if no one else is available.

In fact, there is scarcely any sport or game which you cannot learn and enjoy, no matter how limited your means may be, provided you go to work in the right way.

HUGH ROBINSON.

REFEREES' DISCRETION.

A great many football referees do not use the discretion that the laws of the game give them.

For example, Law 17 states plainly that "the referee may refrain from putting the provisions of this Law (free and penalty kicks) into effect in cases where he is satisfied that by enforcing them he would be giving an advantage to the offending side."

For instance, a forward is nearing goal when an opponent tries to trip him.

He fails, and the forward has the goal at his mercy.

In this case the referee need not and should not whistle for the attempted foul. The pity, however, is that most referees would whistle and have the ball brought back for a free or penalty kick, which is quite likely to fail, thus robbing the side offended against of a practically certain goal.

If referees would use the discretion given them by Law 17, there would be far less foul play when near goal.

BALLAD SINGING.

EVEN AN UNTRAINED SINGER MAY ENTERTAIN HIS FRIENDS IN THIS WAY.

I preface my remarks by saying at once that the following article is intended only for those who do not purpose taking up the art of singing professionally. As an artist and teacher of singing, it would be ridiculous for me to decry the value of training and study.

This article is intended to encourage those who imagine that, because they lack a voice that commands attention, they are debarred from having the pleasure of being able to please others, by rendering selections from the wonderful harvest of beautiful songs and ballads that we have at our command.

It is not necessary for the would-be vocalist to be a highly trained singer in order to give pleasure to an audience of men.

What is it about a ballad that pleases the average man? Is it the melody that charms the ear, or is it the degree of truth and life that the singer conveys to his audience by his intensity of feeling and expression? I should say most emphatically the latter.

One hears so much vocalising nowadays. Everything is sacrificed in order to secure tone and technique; words are lost in producing beauty of tone, and expression is forgotten in an attempt to execute difficult passages.

My advice, then, to those whose aim is to please and not astonish is this:

Do not strive to shine because of your brilliancy as a vocalist only, but rather aim at combining the feelings of the actor with the art of the elocutionist. These, together with your gifts as a vocalist, will enable you to interpret the true meaning of the ballad attempted, as intended by the writer of the words and the composer.

There is no denying the fact that the attention of an audience is always arrested by hearing something convincing. This applies to all branches of platform work, and my experience has been that the average man would much rather listen to a song well interpreted by an artist with an indifferent voice than to one sung by a person with a good voice and no suspicion of feelin or depth.

The method by which the majority of people learn songs is to hear others sing them first, and so learn their rendering. If the example is a good one, this is a very excellent way of gaining knowledge, but there is no particular virtue in imitation.

How much more satisfying it is to an artist, whether professional or otherwise, to have a compliment like this paid him: "I did enjoy your rendering of that song. I have heard So-and-So sing it, but you seem to have made so much more out of it."

How, then, is this to be done?

It is imperative, in the first place, to remember that the words, and not the music, are the most important factor in the construction of a ballad. Consequently, always make a primary study of the words; analyse their meaning, and find out which words require accent, and how the phrasing should be marked.

The melody should then be learnt.

When this is done, fathom the composer's idea of the music, as applied to the words, by means of the expression marks given, and from this deduction draw up your plan for the rendering you intend giving.

Remember that it would be impossible for composers to mark everything as they would wish; they therefore have simply to mark the more important parts, and leave the rest to the intelligence and artistic temperament of the singer.

Do not be afraid of dramatic effect. I go so far as to say that, should a word in your opinion require to be shouted, shout by all means. Learn to throw off your own individuality and self-consciousness, and take upon yourself the personality of the narrator of the song. By these means, and these alone, can the correct local colour that is so necessary for a successful rendering of a song be obtained.

H. EVANS.

TOLD IN THE LOUNGE

AN EPISODE.

By E. WADE LANG.

"Yes, you're quite right, sir," said the Hall Porter; "there's many a funny happening takes place in a big hydro like this.

"I've been here holding this job getting on for thirty years and there's seldom a season gone by but what I've had my eyes opened just a bit wider than they was before.

"Only in a manner o' speaking, mind you. You can ask where you like, and you won't find one to say they ever caught William Montague looking surprised.

"It ain't for me to boast, but there's a regular lot comes here year after year simply to see as I'm still in the land of the living. They dub me the feature of the resort.

"A pretty substantial feature, you say? Well, I'm not going to contradict you, sir. Six-feet-two in my socks, and eighteen stone and a half, can't hardly be called a bantam-weight. But, bless you, sir, I can carry it without getting tired, and being so big ain't without its advantages.

"A gentleman ses to me the other day, 'William,' he ses, 'the man as tipped you less'n a crownpiece on leaving would deserve the V.C. for his courage!' And it wasn't for me to contradict a mark of respect like that, sir.

"But I was going to tell you of something as happened here three or four years ago. You say you're in no hurry to go to bed, and as we've got the hall to ourselves, I'll smoke a cigar with you willingly and much obliged.

"Three hundred and over we put up when the season's on, but I've got a won'erful memory for names and faces, and these two I'm referring to wrote themselves down as Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael.

"They were a pretty couple, the man tall as a Lifeguardsman, with brick-red cheeks, and curly lips—lips such as you see as a rule in the statues of Roman athletes. Small beside me, sir, but a big, handsome man, nevertheless.

"She was only half his size, a little thing, all daintiness and slimness, but, bless you, with an air about her as could freeze you a mile off. I never saw such dignity in so small a compass; and in fact neither of 'em had a word or look for any of the other visitors.

"I took 'em to be a honeymoon couple right off, though there was no lovey-dovey nonsense about them while they were about where other folks could see them. All they did was to stipulate for a table to themselves in the dining-room, and they chose one in a corner almost covered in by palms.

"There was nothing what you might call strange about them the first week or so they was here. But one morning I was standing there by the office when they come along to look in the rack for letters. And there was one for a Mrs. somebody or other (which at any rate wasn't Carmichael), and she snatched it out and looked at him in a kind o' frightened way, then tore it open and read what was written inside, with a face growing white and red by turns.

"'He's come back!' she gasped.

"'Who? Chris?' he asked.

"'Yes; he landed yesterday. He's coming down here to-day.'

"'How did he get your address?'

"'I left word with the caretaker of the flat that anything that came was to be sent on under cover. Perhaps from her——.'

"'But the name on the envelope?' he ses.

"'Yes, I know,' she answered.

"He took the letter off her and read it with a face like the Day of Judgment. I couldn't help hearing 'em because they spoke clear and quick, and there happened to be nobody else near at the time.

"'He only says he's coming,' she told him, as though with some sort of hope; but there was still a frightened and shaky look about her.

"He folded up the letter, and put it in his breast pocket.

"'Let him come,' he said.

"It was then that he caught sight of me, standing by and taking no notice. It's never been my way, sir, to flinch at a stare from anybody, and I think he saw that whatever I might have heard I should consider it no business of mine.

"He took her by the elbow, and they went off along the hall together, talking low and intimate, and I had to reconstruct my opinion of them being such simple little innocents.

"Soon after breakfast he comes along to the office again and asks for his bill, and pays it. It was clear that they intended to do a bolt before Chris turned up—whoever Chris might be.

"Their luggage was brought down in the lift, and I whistled for a cab.

"Just as it came up another one stopped, and out of it got a man—a thin, dark little chap, with eyes like a bolting horse. He saw the woman, and made for her like a shot.

"'Josie!'" he said.

"The Lifeguardsman steps in between. He didn't speak, but there was that look about him which said, 'This with me!' and the little chap halts sharp and eyes him up and down, seeming as though he didn't know what to say.

"'Jack Brown,' he ses slowly. 'Jack Brown?'

"'The same,' ses the other; and where a foreigner would have bowed, he stood still and dangerous, waiting for the other to proceed.

"I moved up, and pulling aside the swing door of the ante-room close at their elbows, ses,

"'This room is empty, gentlemen.'

"They went in, the woman white as death, and I stood by the door and kept guard while they settled their little difference.

"I couldn't avoid hearing what was said, sir.

"It was the Lifeguardsman who opened the ball, speaking short and hard, like a man who's got himself well in hand, but is liable to break out at any minute. He didn't mince words. The little bearded man should have kept his wife in India—while he had her—not sent her home to be lonely and in need of protection.

"'She never ought to have married you,' ses the Lifeguardsman. 'She ought to have married me. We're having a holiday here because we're fond of each other, and you can say and do what you like about it. It's your own fault for returning so unexpected,' he tells him.

"Then the little man begins to laugh—to laugh something queer and horrible.

"He hadn't known anything about this interesting contrytom, he ses. All that the caretaker had led him to understand was that his wife was spending a holiday with friends. But not with his best friend. Not with the man who had been his trusted pal in the years gone by.

"And why he had returned so unexpected and so inconvenient was because he had been doing his best to hush up certain matters in Simla—matters in which his wife was implicated, and for which he had sent her home——.

"'Oh, don't tell him!' she cries out all of a sudden.

"And he was sorry to say his efforts had not succeeded. The thefts had been traced to her whole catalogue of pinchings from her friends—and action was being taken; in fact warrant was already out.

"'Don't tell him,' she moans again; but goes on steady and sarcastic.

"'Of course I resigned my commission, hastened back to be able to stand by you and help you to see it through. But you won't my help now, I see. You have another cavalier.'

"And with that he wishes 'em good morning and goes.

"Yes, we have funny things happen in places sometimes."

READING THE RIOT ACT

WHAT THE KING'S REGULATIONS SAY

Contrary to popular opinion, it is not necessary that the Riot Act should be read before soldiers are used against rioters. The King's Regulations are explicit on this point. Here is the exact paragraph:

"The reading of the Proclamation under the Riot Act is important, both as conveying a distinct warning to the crowd, and as involving the legal consequence that those who do not disperse within one hour are guilty of felony, but it must be understood that to justify the exercise of military force in the prevention of serious outrage and danger to persons or property, it is not necessary to wait for the Proclamation to be read, or to wait less to wait till one hour has expired after it has been read."

The officer in command of the troops is bound to take action, even when requested to do so by a magistrate or other civil authority.

If he considers that the circumstances do not justify the use of force, he is within his rights in disregarding the magisterial request.

THE WRONG SPIRIT

A LITTLE BIT OF REAL LIFE

'Tis a trifling episode, but has the ring of actuality.

Staying at the seaside, I wandered one recent evening into an old-fashioned hostelry of the right sort, with a walnut wood fire in the bar-parlour that I imagine was there in the days of Queen Anne, and, apparently, thrives on the overflow of the beer taps placed on its shining surface.

Two men came in, one, I reckoned, a chauffeur, the other probably, a tradesman assistant.

Their purpose was a game of dominoes. Though obviously acquainted with each other they had not, so it appeared, tried conclusions at the game before. Still, it was agreed that one whom I shall call X should give the chauffeur two pieces.

No sooner was the board set than Y proposed to have a bet, to which X replied that he did not care to play for money.

"Well, a couple of drinks, then," said Y.

"No," answered Y. "I don't want to have anything on at all—I play for the love of the game."

"Oh, well," said X, "if there's no sense on, give me back my two pieces. There's no sense in my giving them to you if I'm only playing for the game."

"Not a bit of it," said Y. "You said you would play me a game and give me two pieces. There was nothing said about playing for anything."

X persisted, his argument apparently that, as he was not to have a chance of winning anything material, he should put his opponent a fair chance of victory.

In the end Y got up and walked out. I think you will agree he was justified.

Cycle Racing Tactics

BY A PROFESSIONAL RIDER.

Track cycle racing has of late years been brought up to such a pitch of excellence that most men who loomed large in the public eye twenty, or even fewer, years ago would probably go down before second-rate performers nowadays, even if they were able to show as good form as they ever displayed.

At one time accidents were of common occurrence on the track, because until lately not enough regard had been paid to the vital importance of perfect steering.

A first-class racing man ought to be able to ride along a straight line marked on the ground, otherwise in taking corners at racing speed he is apt to be a source of extreme danger to his competitors.

To steer straight at an easy pace of 10 or 15 miles an hour is simple, but, as speed increases, the difficulty grows in even greater ratio, because the arms are strained by being used as levers to force work in with the legs.

Cycle-racers are like poets—born, not made. A man who has no natural aptitude for riding will never reach the front rank on the track because he will be a wobbler all his life however much special coaching he may undergo.

On the other hand, I once saw a raw country lad, a farmer's son, who had not ridden for more than two or three months, sit his bicycle with consummate grace, steer as straight as an arrow, and win three events at the first cycling meeting he had ever entered for. He was a born racer.

ADVANTAGES OF A CLUB.

This is for men who have ambitions towards cycle racing, whether as amateurs or professionals, but are not fully enlightened as to the right way about it, that I am writing this article. If the reader lives in London, it would be as well for him to join some cycling club near his home. For the advantages offered by these are many.

To the very small yearly or quarterly subscription, he is entitled to the use of a generally efficiently prepared track, and the services of a professional trainer, who will initiate him into the mysteries of starting, making the pace, saving his strength and all the other secrets of the professional rider.

By the way, the trainer's services are nominally 5s. an hour, but he will put forth better efforts in consideration of an occasional tip of a shilling or two. Quietly, he will expect it.

The country reader will not so easily obtain these advantages, and I shall apply myself chiefly to his case.

GETTING INTO CONDITION.

I will assume, then, that he can ride in the ordinary way, that he possesses a fairly light machine of modern make, and that he has decided to enter for some race at the local sports which will take place some weeks ahead. We will assume, too, that he is in fairly good condition, with little or no superfluous fat to get off.

He should, first, clad in a complete set of woollen underclothing, a jersey or sweater with long sleeves, and a muffler round his neck, he should take rides on the road of from five to ten miles at a smart but not over-fast pace. A day or two of this will help him take off fat, if any, and will put his wind right.

He should always finish these rides at almost racing pace, and at once jump into a bath. If the house does not boast a bath-room, a hip-bath will do—only he *must* have the bath. The water, preferably, should be tepid, with a little sea-salt in it, and the tub should conclude with a good rubbing (by a friend, if possible) with flesh-gloves.

A word now about practice on the track.

Start this carefully, so as to get perfectly used to the accelerated speed experienced on a fast path, particularly at corners. Learn to take your bends easily at all parts of the path.

The man who turns on the extreme outside has naturally to start earlier than he who has the inside berth, so that the necessity of practice in different positions is easy to realise.

If you have been accustomed to a flat track, get acquainted with the vagaries of the modern course, which has the outer sides banked at the turns.

Ride, if possible, in the company of a more experienced performer, for you will not only gain confidence, but will be able to profit by his periodical explanation of your faults.

AVOIDING ACCIDENTS.

Here is a great tip. When riding behind a man, be careful not to get too near to him, and on no account allow your pilot wheel to overlap inside the front man's rear wheel. If you do, and he slackens down, especially at a turn, where a slight decrease of pace is usual, there might be a very bad collision; but, on the other hand, if you keep your front wheel *outside* his you can, in such a case, avoid him by means of a quick turn outwards.

You must never cross a man to take up a better position unless you are a clear length in front of him. Indeed, it is highly advisable to allow yourself an even bigger margin, because the judges may have a different idea to yours of what constitutes a length.

Starting is one of the most important factors in a cycle-race, though, strangely enough, even seasoned pro.'s will often be content to creep off the mark at almost a snail's pace, and work up in the first lap. But the cleverest riders realise that a quick start may mean an advantage of anything from 30 yards to a lap.

STARTING.

Tell your "pusher-off" at the start that the machine should be steadied with his left hand, and the back gripped in his right about a foot below the saddle, so as to admit of a hefty shove.

Bear in mind that the right pedal of your machine should be at a slight forward angle—not perpendicular, as some men have it. In this way you can exert pressure at once.

During practice always start to a pistol. Even the snapping of a cap will do.

Finally, finishing a race is of immense importance. Always, both in practice and in a race, finish up no less than five yards on the safe side of the post.

Never give way to the fatal error, to which some gallery-riding cyclists are prone, of slackening up superciliously at the finish. If you do, there may be a roar of merriment, as somebody shoots up and beats you at the post.

R. L.

CLUB NEWS.

NOTTINGHAM.—The Nottingham MODERN MAN Club has concluded arrangements for sharing the premises of the Notts Royal Horse Artillery Club, at Hylton House, Raleigh Street. All Nottingham readers desirous of joining should communicate with the hon. secretary, Mr. A. J. Cross, 204, Sherwood Street, Nottingham.

BRISTOL.—There will be a meeting of the Bristol MODERN MAN Club on Wednesday, August 30th, at 7.30 p.m., at the top of Blackboy Hill.

MEDALS.

HOW THEY ARE WORN, WON, AND LOST.

To the ordinary civilian one medal is very much like another, and quantity seems to him far more desirable than quality. But to the soldier it is different. He knows that one medal may be the reward of many months of hardship and danger in the field, while another merely commemorates the lining of the streets on the occasion of some State ceremony.

He would sooner wear the bronze Victoria Cross on his breast than a whole row of silver medals.

Medals are worn in the Army only with the full-dress tunic, although officers wear miniature medals, provided at their own expense, with mess dress and sometimes with civilian evening dress.

With very few exceptions, medals are worn on the left breast, and a definite order is laid down in the Dress Regulations as to how they are to be worn. The place of honour is on the right, and the less important medals come nearer the left shoulder.

War medals, according to the dates of campaigns, take precedence of others, and military medals take precedence of non-military medals, of which only the following may be worn when in uniform: The Albert medal, the Edward medal, the Board of Trade medal, the medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the medals of the Royal Humane Society, including the Stanhope gold medal.

Special permission has to be obtained from the War Office for any of these to be worn, and in no case may more than two medals be worn for the same act of gallantry.

Foreign medals and decorations may not be worn unless the King's permission has first been obtained through the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

War medals are usually given to all who have served for a certain stated length of time in the theatre of war in each campaign, no matter what capacity they served in. Clasps or narrow bars of metal bearing the name and date are added for each important engagement.

It may be of interest to recall some of the medal ribbons which are most commonly seen at the present time. The Queen's and King's South African medals, as commemorating the most recent big campaigns, are naturally most common, particularly the former, which was given to those serving in South Africa in the early part of the war before Queen Victoria's death.

The ribbon of this latter medal is of red, dark blue and orange. The King's medal ribbon consists of equal bands of yellow, white and green.

Another of the more recent war medals, which, however, was won by a comparatively small number of men, is that for the Terah campaign, of which Dargai was the most famous engagement. Its ribbon is striped with red and green.

A ribbon of red, white and blue, with the latter predominating, commemorates the Coronation of King Edward VII., while the long service or good conduct medals may be known by a plain purple ribbon in the Regular Army and a plain green one for the Volunteers. The Territorial Efficiency medal has a green ribbon with a yellow stripe.

Medals are forfeited on conviction for certain offences, but, except in the case of good conduct medals, can be won back by good service. The Victoria Cross, Distinguished Conduct medal, and Meritorious Service medal, however, are not necessarily forfeited on conviction, but may be retained by special permission of His Majesty on application to the War Office.

C. NEWMAN.

TALES OF THE TARTAN.

FOR READERS NORTH OF THE BORDER.

For many, many years the tartan has been little worn by the Highland peasantry.

It began to go out of general use in the reign of George II., when that made-in-Germany "English" king—excuse a Highlander's bitterness—proscribed the bearing of arms and the wearing of the tartan.

This tyrannical Act, which was passed in 1747, was eventually repealed some thirty years later, but by that time over 20,000 had emigrated rather than submit to George's will, and the peasantry never again took the kilt into general use.

The gentry, however, stuck to the tartan throughout, and to the Highland chieftain his tartan is a very sacred thing.

One of the best-known tartans, of course, is that of the Royal house of Stewart. I know most people spell it Stuart, but etymology is against them.

Let me briefly trace the origin of the name. In the reign of Henry I. there came to the English Court a young Breton noble named Alan. He found favour with the King and became sheriff of Shropshire. He had two sons, William and Walter. William founded the line of Earls of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk; Walter went to Scotland and became Great Steward of Scotland, the office being made hereditary in his family.

Surnames were rare in those days; people often took for a surname the title of the office they held. This the third Walter, Great Steward of Scotland, did. Steward was then invariably pronounced "Stewart," and so now I hope you know all about it.

The present Royal Stewart tartan (dress) is mainly red, with bright blue lines running across it, but in certain Highland homes there are still treasured pieces of a certain tartan. It is rather like the Royal Stewart tartan, but lacks the light blue lines. It is the tartan of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and e'en the most prosaic of modern Scotsmen can scarce gaze on it to-day without emotion.

Another famous tartan is that of Rob Roy. Robert was MacGregor on his father's side, Campbell on his mother's. The English Government forbade him to bear his father's name, or wear the paternal tartan, and ordered him to style himself Robert Campbell.

Rob had no great love for the name of Campbell, and still less for their dingy tartan, so he invented a tartan for himself.

This, composed of alternate squares of red and black, was a trifle conspicuous for a man who was to be an outlaw for the best part of his life, but Rob was given to taking chances.

It's a thousand pities he is not alive to-day. If he were, a nigger would not be swelling around as champion boxer of the world, for Rob had the arms and strength of a gorilla.

Rob had his faults. He was a trifle quick of temper.

But he was a man, was Rob. They sent armies against him and he smashed them. They built fortresses near his haunts, and he used them for lodgings when the weather was cold.

He was an obliging man, too. The Duke of Montrose's agents had no trouble in collecting his rents. Rob did their work for them, and did it very well.

I have mentioned one particular clan. Of course, as a Macdonald, I am a trifle prejudiced against them, but, speaking dispassionately, I will merely say that if ever I wanted to find a hired assassin, a sneak-thief, or a time-serving traitor, I should know fine where to look for him.

At the same time, I won't deny that they have ability of a sort. They make excellent lawyers, which no doubt is a very good trade for a certain class of person.

IAN MACDONALD.

THE HUMAN SIDE

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

NICKNAMES.

To the best of my recollection I have never written anything on the subject of nicknames, and really I do not know there is any subject in the world more illuminating.

A nickname may be at once a term of opprobrium, or it may be a term of affection, or it may be a term of mere utility. It may, also, in a measure, be a term of reproach. Nicknames seem to be as much attached to personality and to qualities as to peculiarities.

I often wonder how it is that certain people get certain nicknames. Why are there some people in the world who are always called Tom, while others are called Tommy, and another set are never called anything but Thomas?

Why should one man go through his whole life and be called William, and another who was christened by the same get the name of Bill, while yet a third carries always that of Willie?

A SOCIETY CULT.

I am not, of course, speaking now of the late fashion which has obtained by which every woman whose husband was possessed of a homely name made a cult of it. We all know Mrs. Johnny This, and Mrs. Jack That. It is right enough where Jack, or Tom, or Dick has never been called anything in his life but Jack, Tom, or Dick; but there are many who deliberately assume a *petit nom* by which their husbands have never been called. In short, they make a cult of it.

I have known a distinguished divine who was never called anything but Billy H., and long after he wore gaiters he was Billy H. to all and sundry. In his case it was a term of the most absolute affection.

But did you ever, as a matter of fact, know anyone persistently called Billy who was anybody's enemy, unless he was his own? I never did. Did you ever know a Dick who was hard, and grasping, and mean? No. The very possession of such a name seems almost as if it must have exerted an influence over the man who bears it.

"BABY" AT TWENTY-ONE.

I met a lady a few days ago whom I had not seen for eight years.

"And how is your boy?" I asked.

"Oh, Baby's quite well," she replied.

I said, "Do tell me, how old is he now?"

"Just twenty-one," was her answer.

"And you still call him Baby?"

"Oh, yes—he wouldn't answer to anything else," was her response.

People acquire names in curious ways. A child I knew, with an uncompromising Biblical name, was sitting, as a little toddling thing, upon the lawn of her mother's house.

"What are you doing, Baby?" she was asked. The child looked up holding out a daisy which she had gathered in the grass. "I picked mytelf," she replied. And from that day the child was never known by any other name than that of Daisy.

There was an old man at home who went by the name of Dicky Go Deeper. The story went that he and his wife, when an old couple, fell upon evil times and agreed to commit suicide by drowning themselves in the river.

The weather was cold, the morn was chill; the husband, being the braver soul of the two, was to wade in first.

He waded up to his knees, followed by his shuddering wife, and then he stopped.

"Dicky," she said, "go deeper."

He went in an inch or two further, and stopped again.

"Dicky go deeper," she cried, in threatening accents.

After this comedy had been repeated several times, Dicky scrambled out and declined "to get any forrader with his deeing."

But there were spying eyes on the husband, and to the end of his days the old man was never called by any other name than Dicky Go Deeper.

I have known some queer nicknames in my time. I knew a boy once who was invariably up to the time of pronounced manhood, known by the name of Boy. So determined had he been as a small child to be known as Boy that I doubt if many of his friends knew what his real name was.

NO APPARENT REASON.

I have known two Jumbos, a Chippy, a Chicky, a Child, and two Noses. Only in the case of one of the Jumbos have I any idea why any such name came about.

It is no use any of us resenting liberties taken with our names. As long as men have existed, other men have called them, as a rule, put in the North, "out of their names," and as long as men continue to people the earth I believe it will continue to be the same.

One cannot continue being angry with a man whom all his friends persist in calling Toddie. The thing is impossible; it cannot be done.

IMPOSSIBLE ANGER.

One of the best-natured men I ever knew in all my life was known to all and sundry as Bunny. I think if Bunny himself had been very angry with me I should have laughed. One could not have taken the case seriously—it was Bunny. The idea of Bunny being angry would have been too preposterous. I never heard of anyone who was angry with Bunny, for whom Bunny was angry with. Fortunately Bunny was a sweet and lovely character and never got angry.

Had he been called Horatio, or even John, perhaps things might have been different. As it was, he was just Bunny.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

HOTEL TIPS.

If you have valuables with you, you should in every instance hand them over to the manager to be taken care of, as otherwise he cannot be held responsible for their loss.

Moreover, you should never leave your bedroom door unlocked. Turn the key every time you leave the room, and deposit it with the booking clerk.

If you are travelling light—as, for example, you will be if you are on a walking or cycling tour—and have not supplied yourself with slippers, it is wise to take the precaution of giving instructions that your boots are to be replaced after cleaning at your bedroom door, beside your shaving water, otherwise they may be put on the rug in the dining-room, and you may have to seek them in your stockinged feet, or ring for an inattentive handmaiden.

This accident never, of course, happens in a good-class hotel, but it very frequently happens in the less expensive commercial hotels.

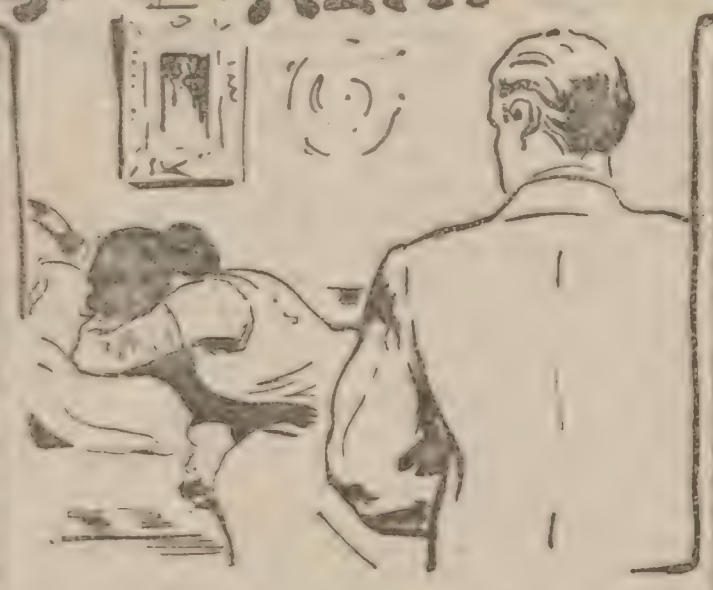
In such hotels it is by no means unusual for a pair of slippers to be brought into the dining-room for the use of each guest, and for him to be invited to take his boots off and leave them there.

Why one should commence the discarding of one's feet more than any other part of one's anatomy in the dining-room, it is difficult to understand. The place for undressing is one's bedroom.

A SHORT STORY.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

J. J. D. CROMBIE.



ly it would never have
ed if Trueman had been
d with an average amount
But Trueman was not so blessed.
years in this seldom-too-kindly
only succeeded in burdening his
a store of supremely unimportant

was thin and stooping-shouldered,
ttle blue eyes and an arched nose and a
ng chin. His forehead in summertime was
; he wore gold-rimmed *pince-nez* to remedy
fficient sight.

would have judged him—and rightly—a
, reserved, wholly inoffensive young man.
man occupied a small flat in a block of
conveniently close to Baker Street; he
alone in the world; and he obtained a
but sufficient livelihood by contributing
essays to weighty periodicals on
ts in which only the few were the least bit
ested.

Girl Next D or was flagrantly a contrast.
was *petite* and charming. Her hair was the
of dust, her cheeks were like russet apples,
s crimson, her whole presence an alluring,
perfection.
dressed in ethereal half-tones, diffusing a
licate scent as she passed. Trueman
d that she was in some way connected
music." She played much to herself, and
exquisite touch on the piano. Also she
a good deal, and seemed to entertain
s.

man had never spoken to her. If he
the stairs or in the lift, his
consciousness made him lower his
affect an enormous thoughtfulness.
there had been a momentary confusion at
s when she was stepping out and he
to step in. They almost collided.
downcast eyes, stepped aside,
getic murmurs. She laughed a
ous bubbling, as though from
nning with fun.

in a haze of mysterious
smiled at him! Radiant
eeping through winsomely-parted
loved her, without knowing it, with all
from that moment.
not a love which felt clamour for pos-
or fulfilment. It was a lowly worshipping
ed with sacredness, instinct with that
which impels to the knees at an altar.
Trueman, long ago having lost the faith of
hood, used nevertheless to pray every
God to protect her, and go on in his own
dimly wondering why life should now
empty, yet filled at times with a strange
happiness such as he had never known before.
ok to sitting in the dark, with his hands
listening to her playing.
before the landing lights
and knocked at his door!
, stood staring as though

an," she said—she spoke with a
friendliness—"do you know anything
amps?—a stand-lamp with wick, *you
ine has developed a stupid complaint,
a nuisance! I'm expecting a visitor
. Do come in and help me to

went. And he fumbled at the re-
mp while she stood by watching him,
owing bronze in the firelight, her hands

talked to him meanwhile; asked him what
matter with it, explained how often it had
her trouble; was innocently flattering in
consumption
he, a man, was able to do
a mere woman couldn't.
you so much," she said, frankly, when
the lamp was burning satisfactorily.
all right now, I think," murmured
turning to go.

"Your hands are oily. Wait a moment; let me give you a duster."

He took it and cleaned his hands, passed the duster back, and once more made progress to the door.

"It was awfully kind of you," she said, perceiving that he was embarrassed.

"Not at all—very glad—any time if you—I mean—thank you—good-night." He passed out, stammering and fiery-cheeked.

On the landing the lift-gates slammed and a man approached—a fair, good-looking man, well set up, with evening dress showing beneath his overcoat.

Trueman entered his room, hearing the stranger speak before he closed the door.

"Who was that, Fay?" he asked.

"Oh, only ——" answered the Girl Next Door.

That night Trueman did a strange thing. He examined himself intently in the glass.

* * * * * *

He heard her crying one night—unmistakably sobbing. Some weeks had passed since the incident of the lamp, but though they met occasionally as before there had been no increase in their intimacy—merely casual comments about the weather, a conventional exchange of good-day.

Plainly she did not find Trueman attractive; or it might have been that she was entirely indifferent to him.

But now she was sobbing, and he could not bear to listen to it.

He went, after combat with hesitation, and tapped on her door. She did not appear to hear him, and, trying the handle, he found that the door was not locked, and walked in.

There was a dim light in the sitting-room, proceeding from the lamp in the corner, turned low.

She was lying on a couch, her face buried in an arm, quietly sobbing. As he entered she lifted her head and looked at him; then sat upright and pushed back her hair.

She did not speak. Her eyes were quite dry, but there was such misery in her white face that Trueman could have cried very bitterly too.

"I thought," he began, haltingly, "I thought—you must be ill. You did not hear my knock. I—I came in."

He doubled his fist and got a better control of his choking voice.

"I am very sorry—you are so unhappy. Can I do anything to—help you?"

"No," she said, in a voice hardly above a whisper.

"Can't you tell me what is the matter? I—would comfort you if I could."

"No one can comfort me."

"It seems dreadful—a girl like you—by yourself—I've no right to ask for confidences——" He wrestled with inarticulation. "If it was something another could share——" he said.

"You can't share it. I am grateful to you. Will you please go away?"

He obeyed.

The heart-breaking sounds were resumed as he stood irresolutely in the dark passage outside.

He returned, crossed over to her, put a hand on her shoulder, then took one of her hands between his.

"I can't let you cry like this," he said. He was calm now and very quiet. "I'm only a plain, ugly man. You can perhaps talk to me when you couldn't talk to another. Tell me what your trouble is."

She was silent except for her sobbing, her tears falling on his hand. He waited patiently.

"It's the sense of loneliness and desolation," she told him, when at last she had quieted. "You can't fight it always. It comes over you like a sea—like drowning in deep waters."

"Haven't you any friends?" asked Trueman—"a real, trustworthy friend that you can go to when you're—like this?"

"No one."

"But at home—your mother and father—relatives? Haven't you any brothers and sisters?"

"I left home," she said, "three years ago. I haven't been back since. I—fell out with them."

She went on, lifelessly: "It isn't that. That doesn't matter." She turned her tear-wet face towards Trueman, and her lip quivered. "I've made a hash of my life," she said.

Trueman wondered in what possible way.

"You're young," he said, "to talk so hopelessly as that. When we're miserable everything seems black and distorted. I know what loneliness is myself. I think I've been lonely always—in a way. But such as you should have no acquaintance with it."

"Oh, what are you saying?" she whispered, and she moved back a little and took her hand from between his.

"I can't tell lies about what you mean to me," said Trueman simply. "You are all womanhood to me. I know how foolish it sounds, how little hope I've got. But I don't ask anything but to be by you if you are in trouble, to be your friend if you want one, to stand by you in sickness and in health, in sorrow and adversity——"

"Oh, *don't*," she entreated. "You too! You too!"

"What is it?" asked Trueman, startled by her sudden agony.

"What do you think I am? Do you think I am a woman who would make a good wife? Do you mean that you would marry me?"

"I would," said Trueman, in solemn innocence, "though I know it isn't possible that you would marry me."

She was silent for a moment, staring at him with frightened eyes.

"Don't you know what I am?" she repeated. "Don't you know what I am?"

"You are the woman I love," said Trueman; and as he said it a shock went through him, as though he had shouted to the invisible a truth that was everlasting.

"I am ——," she bent forward and whispered the words.

Trueman's whole body twitched as he understood. He sat rigid as iron for some moments, the blood drained from his lips.

"You were, then, suffering remorse?" he managed to get out with difficulty.

"Yes," she nodded.

"In that case—you can give it up—and you will marry me."

He meant the words, but she saw only a splendid honour in them.

"I can't," she said, "and never will."

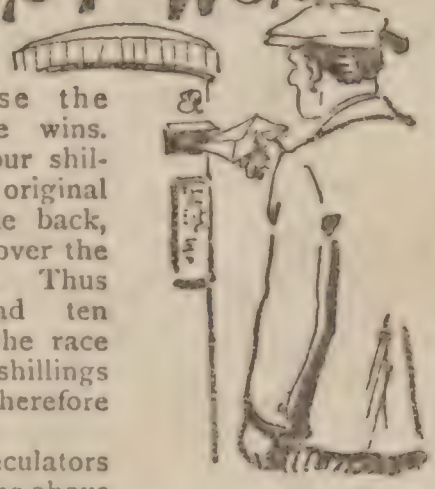
"Never will," she repeated, fiercely. "Do you understand that? I should be committing the worst crime of all if I polluted you. Go right away. Right away from here—from the flat—from my sight."

Her voice broke; she extended her hands in almost desperate entreaty.

"It is the one good kindness you can do me—*please*," she said.

And Trueman stood up with bowed shoulders, and left her.

WHY BETTING SYSTEMS DON'T WORK



SHOWING HOW EACH ONE COMES UNSTUCK.

It is useless to deny the hold that bettting on horse races has upon the British public. The simple fact that the early editions of the evening papers exist solely for and solely by their betting information is sufficient demonstration.

Now, it is not my purpose in this article to pass any judgment on the ethics of betting. If a man wants to bet, by all means let him do so. He is his own master. On the other hand, if he has no inclination to speculate, he is to be congratulated, because he will not lose his money.

My object in writing this article is to explain as clearly as I can the oft-repeated but little-heeded dictum that the "odds are all in favour of the bookie."

If this weren't so, how many bookies would there be in business? They are not doing it for philanthropy. If one man is lucky enough to find a stray winner, the shillings or pounds, as the case may be, that he picks up do not come out of the bookie's pocket. They are derived from the losses of his other clients. And there is no client that the bookie loves more than the man who follows a system.

FIRST FAVOURITES.

There are all manner of systems, each of which claims its thousands of enthusiastic followers. One man will swear by the system of "first favourites," another imposes equal faith in the "first and second favourite" combination, a third follows "jockey's mounts," and another speculates on newspaper "tips" and "naps."

The fallacy of the first favourite system needs very little comment. It consists simply of following the money, in other words, backing the horse which stands at the shortest price.

That horse is at the top of the betting generally, not because he stands any much greater chance than any other, but because the public are rushing to get on and the bookies will not take undue risks. But to believe that there is a kind mathematical law of averages in favour of the shortest-priced horse is little short of idiocy.

In fact, if more than one favourite wins in a day's racing, the evening sheets can be relied upon to shriek aloud in leaded type about "The Ring Hard Hit," as though—as is, of course, a fact—such a contingency were only of the rarest.

FIRST AND SECOND.

The "first and second favourite" system seems to have greater claims to common sense, but it is easy to show how it, too, can often come unstuck.

It consists, as the phrase suggests, of backing the first favourite and having a bit on the second favourite as well.

Suppose, say, a man whose limit is 10s. wants to speculate with his half sovereign on the system. Say the favourite is quoted at 6 to 4 on, and the second favourite at even money. Well, in order to win four shillings on the favourite he must put on six, and if the second favourite wins he gets exactly the amount of his stakes in winning. Say he backs the favourite for six shillings and the other for four shillings.

Passing over the possibility of both losing, we will first consider what happens if the favourite wins. He wins four shillings and gets his six-shilling stake back, but he loses the four shillings he has put on the second favourite. Thus he has neither won nor lost. He has had some excitement for nothing.

Now, suppose the second favourite wins. Here he wins four shillings, gets his original four-shilling stake back, but "drops" six over the first favourite. Thus whereas he had ten shillings before the race he has only eight shillings after it. He has therefore lost two shillings.

Biassed speculators may object that the above prices are very short, but I assert that you will find them shorter as often as you will find them longer. The Ring are less disposed to give money away to-day than ever they were.

Now we will consider the system of "jockey's mounts." This is simply the practice of selecting a jockey who seems to be doing well at the moment and consistently backing every horse he rides. It may be as well to consider a few of the little contingencies which may arise.

CONTINGENCIES.

The horse may not be wanted that journey, though quite capable of winning.

He may be wanted by his owner, but the trainer may desire the success, for financial reasons, of some other horse and *vice versa*.

The owner, the trainer, or the jockey, may possibly be in debt, or under some such obligation, to a powerful bookmaker. In a case like this the horse will run to suit that gentleman's book.

The jockey may, as has often been the case, either own or part own another horse running in the same race.

It is no earthly use investing one particular jockey with immeasurably superior skill over his other colleagues. The fact of his being near the top of the "winning averages" simply shows that he has had the luck to ride more good or well-let-in horses than they have. Put him on an inferior mount next time and, other things being equal, he'll lose.

Now, a word about the system, favoured by a good many sporting sheets, of "doubling up." The man starts, say, with an initial stake of a sovereign. If he wins, he starts again with a sovereign on the paper's next selection. If he loses, he invests two on the next "nap" or "snip," or whatever the journal's pet phrase may be. Again if he loses he shows his sublime confidence in the prophet by this time putting £4 on the selection.

PRETTY BUT UNPRACTIC'L.

It all sounds distinctly reminiscent of the [illegible] by which you put a farthing in a money-box one day, a halfpenny on the second, a penny on the third, and so on; until at the end of the year you find yourself the possessor of fabulous wealth.

If, however, every punter knew the [illegible] sporting newspaper office, and was aware that the sporting editor makes his selections with the aid of "Books of Form," "Ruff's Guide," "The Month," and so on, just as he does himself, with little or no more inside knowledge, he would not be so confident.

In conclusion, even a candid bookmaker will tell you that betting is a "mug's game"; but if you do want a flutter, find your fancy for yourself by your own gauging of form. Don't give a rap for any system, or newspaper's "starred" tip. Your own judgment will be as good if not better.

H. H. GIBBS.

A FIRE PRECAUTION.

In these days of sudden and [illegible] causing loss of life, no man should go down to sleep without first ascertaining how he may best escape in case of fire.

In a house filled with all sorts and conditions of men it is not always safe to rely upon each man taking care that his cigarette is properly extinguished, or that his bedside candle is put out, before he goes off to sleep. Care should therefore be taken to examine the possible ways out of a house.

It is often possible in diggings to work out a plan for climbing down from the balcony and so to the ground.

It is often quite easy, also, by climbing out of the window, to walk along the top of a low wall or even to scramble along a sloping roof from house to house, in towns.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, affords the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:—

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable) ..... 1s. 4½d., post free	Wide-ended silk ties ..... 2s. 5½d., post free
Narrow bow ties ..... 1s. 5½d., „ „	Silk mufflers..... ..... 4s. 11d. „ „

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin..... 6d.	Solid silver tie-pin .....
Gold-plated safety-pin .... 6d.	Solid silver safety-pin.....
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge ..... 6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge .....
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain..... 6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain .....

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westminster Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

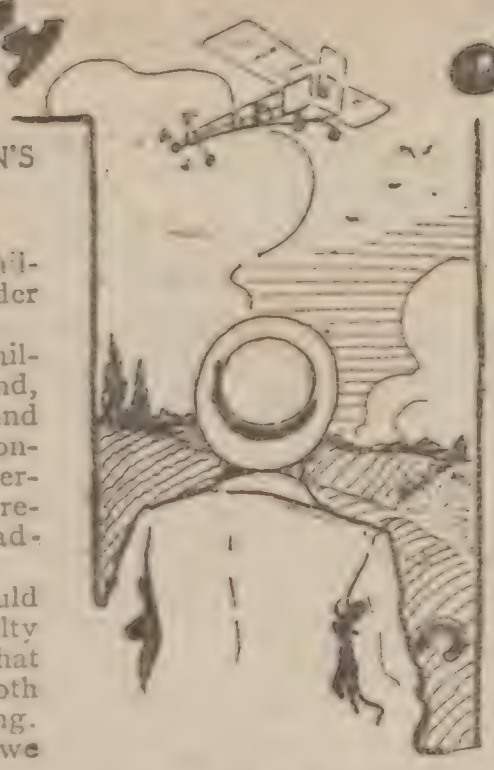
I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The Faculty of Wonder



IT KEEPS A MAN'S OUTLOOK FRESH.

[illegible] when we are children the faculty of wonder is recently in evidence. We see so much as children that we don't understand, and that surprises and [illegible] us, that we are consciously endeavouring to fit perceptions to knowledge, readjusting our conceptions, reading our views.

Unfortunately it would appear that the faculty of wonder is educative; that it is to enlarge us both in room and understanding. For as we grow older we [illegible] to lose this faculty. It gradually diminishes, becomes small, and [illegible] vanishes utterly.

[illegible] has dulled the palate, the edge of the appetite becomes blunt for want of [illegible]ing; we turn into tired, unobservant [illegible]s, concentrated only on our little plot [illegible], forgetting the outside world and unconscious of the indescribable marvels of [illegible].

Great [illegible] wonderful are Thy works, O King David, who at least was not lacking in the faculty of wonder. And he was a great man in Israel.

WORTH WHILE TO KNOW.

There are persons who declare that an easy [illegible] to be impressed by wonders is a sign of credulity and ignorance.

[illegible] small shame attached to the [illegible]ment. For credulity indicates a [illegible] to believe, and there is no crime [illegible] in science when it is allied to an honest [illegible] to "know."

The state of mind to be pitied is the one [illegible] is satisfied with the little crop of [illegible] it has already reaped and declines to [illegible] any more.

[illegible] the nature of the faculty of wonder be [illegible], it will be seen that it constitutes [illegible] of the surest proofs of man's superiority [illegible] beasts.

[illegible] our inventions and scientific discoveries [illegible] with it.

[illegible] wondered at the Cause of such and [illegible] an Effect, and set about tracking the [illegible] to its lair.

[illegible] having found the Cause, they applied skill [illegible] determination to subduing it, not resting [illegible] until it had been turned to their use.

CREATION OF BEAUTIFUL IDEAS.

[illegible] even when discoveries have been happened [illegible], as it is said, "accidentally," it has required the faculty of wonder (perceiving [illegible] new and surprising) to *realise* it [illegible] discovery.

[illegible] for the faculty of wonder, too, it is [illegible] to conceive that the great works of [illegible] could have been produced, for each is but [illegible] of a beautiful idea (or ideas), [illegible] could come into existence except [illegible] to an initial wonder.

[illegible] the appeal of a work of art [illegible] at its beauty.

[illegible] is to be said of us that we [illegible] to become atrophied?

[illegible] through life accepting all [illegible] none. They never pause [illegible], and stand and look about [illegible] at the mystery of life and [illegible] wonderful mystery of them-

[illegible] cyclist, with his nose over the handle-bars, they perceive nothing of the fairness of the country through which they are passing.

A young man to whom the writer spoke the other day had never heard that the stars we can see are suns. Asked, then, what he thought they were, he did not know. He had never wondered.

This faculty of wonder, as with all good gifts, can be misused by excess.

It would be nonsensical to advise that we should spend our nights in gazing at the stars, or occupy our days in staring with round-eyed astonishment at all that takes place about us. But what we need is a refreshened vision, a revivified interest, an *outlook* instead of an *inlook*. In decency's name, let us get rid of our self-centred abstraction.

SELF-ABSORBED

Mark the general expression of the people who pass you on the crowded pavements of city and town, oblivious to all but the immediate matter in hand. Only in the country, where there is room and a little leisure to look round, does one receive the greeting and glance of friendly interest.

Unless we are cautious to guard ourselves against it, the city will ultimately crush all the life and liveliness out of us.

When away on holiday, the faculty of wonder unconsciously revives itself.

We observe things with new eyes, revel in our temporary freedom. Common things appear beautiful to us (as, indeed, they are), simple pleasures give us the utmost satisfaction (as, indeed, they should do). For once we are *seeing*.

NOTHING DULL.

There has probably never been in the world's history so marvellous an age as this is. Flying through the air from Brighton to Brooklands came Beaumont, on a structure of canvas and steel, which had carried him without hitch for more than a thousand miles. It is the supreme miracle of history—yet those who have not witnessed it are unimpressed, and many are bored by it.

Boredom should be avoided as a device and subtlety of the devil.

It may be pretty as a pose, and a useful cloak for covering the brainlessness of noodles, but healthy men should have none of it.

There are no dull things in this world, it should be remembered; the dullness exists in the people.

Keep the blade of your wonderment keen.

A. G. STORM.

A WORK-TABLE HINT.

Numbers of men do a large amount of work at home or in their diggings. At busy times it is so easy to put correspondence in a bag and take it home to attend to it after supper or tea.

When the work is begun it is often found that the table cloth is a nuisance. It rucks up, it gets in the way of the writer's knees as he sits at the table, it is liable to upset the ink, and it does other hindering things.

First, then, take off the table cloth before you start work. It is a little point, but it makes a vast difference to a worker's comfort.

TALES OF THE GREEN CLOTH.

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS BILLIARD PLAYERS.

There is probably no man in the world of billiards about whom so many stories are told as Mr. John Roberts.

During a tour of our foreign possessions and Colonies, he was playing exhibition matches in an Indian garrison town, when a young officer, a member of a very wealthy family, approached him, requesting the famous cueist to give him a few lessons during his stay in the town, and offering a large fee.

So Mr. Roberts consented, but found that, though his pupil was enormously keen, still his execution was disastrous. He put on side where it was not wanted, played without it where it was—in short, he committed all the faults of the average beginner.

At last, in digging down at a ball when no screw or side was required (it was an easy straight cannon), the young officer made a jagged gash in the cloth. His dismay was intense, but he could not help smiling when Roberts observed drily:

"A little of it is useful sometimes, sir; but you should never put on so much side as to be deliberately cutting!"

Here is a story told about J. P. Mannock, who is almost as well known as a writer of books on billiards as he is as a professional player. Mr. Mannock, indeed, often tells the story against himself with considerable gusto.

It was when he had a big billiard saloon and English bar close to the Casino at Boulogne.

One dull afternoon, when the summer season was well over, Mannock was pottering about the cosy billiard-room, keeping his hand and eye in with a little practice, when a rough-looking, bearded sailor, wearing a fur cap and talking broken English with a strong North Coast of France accent, asked the host if he would play him a game. So Mannock did, and, of course, won with the greatest of ease.

Nothing daunted, the uncouth beginner suggested another 200 up, stipulating, however, that he should be conceded 100 points. Mr. Mannock agreed readily. Indeed, he could have given him 175.

So the second game started, the stranger making some feeble miscues, misses, and so on, with Mannock idly scoring twenties and thirties and then purposely breaking down so as to humour the other.

But imagine the famous player's surprise when the sailor suddenly took up a classically correct attitude at the table, and, playing like a book, ran out with an unfinished break of nearly 200! He was, however, more pleased than surprised when the other pulled off a beard and wig, shed his sailor's togs, and disclosed himself as a brother pro., an old friend of Mannock's, who could play him level any day in the year!

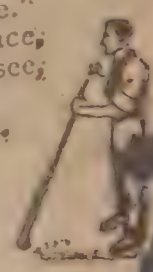
At the time when Peall's famous spot-stroke was barred by the ruling body of the billiard world, and when the well-known player fell back on nursery cannons for the compiling of mammoth scores, an officer of the "Gunners" made a pun about him which is sometimes cracked about him even now.

In a big match at a West-End saloon, Peall had just run up a break of hundreds, mostly by nursery cannons, and a loud clapping was his reward.

But the jocose "Gunner" stopped a friend next to him in the middle of his cheering.

"Don't clap," he said. "He doesn't need it. He supplies his own applause." Noticing a vacant look on his friend's face, the joker hastened to explain, "You see, he is his own Peall of cannons!"

A. REDDING.



RACING OWNERS.

STORIES OF THE BIG MEN OF THE TURF.

It is remarkable how many men have an ambition at some time or other of their lives to own racehorses. I suppose the glamour that surrounds the post and the paddock, and the never-ending excitement of an owner's life, is mainly responsible for this.

A lucky owner—even if he starts in quite small style—can become one of the richest men in the country; but, on the other hand, it is notorious that many a self-made millionaire has had to go back to his original state of comparative penury as a result of injudicious proprietorship of thoroughbred horseflesh.

Although in the case I am going to mention no such evil fortune was, happily, evident, an instance was afforded some years ago of how bad luck may consistently dog an owner's footsteps. Generally, too, this bad luck is to be laid at the door of one particular equiné offender.

Mr. John Corlett, "Master" of the "Pink 'Un," was the possessor of a wayward animal called Let Go the Painter. And, though Let Go the Painter was loyally backed each time out by a hopeful owner and an equally sanguine staff, it always contrived to finish somewhere down the course.

At last Mr. Corlett *did* Let Go the Painter—in other words, he sold him.

And then a remarkable metamorphosis came over Let Go the Painter. He actually began to win small races! Probably this sort of erratic temperament on the part of horses is *not* one of the charms experienced by the racing owner.

One of the best-known owners of the day is Colonel W. Hall Walker. There is probably no shrewder judge of horseflesh than he in the racing world—a contention which is borne out by Colonel Walker's invariably high position on the list of winning owners at the end of every flat-racing season. He never bets, but races solely for the sport of it. In connection with this characteristic of Colonel Walker's a good story is told.

A young lady once asked him whether in his opinion it was safe for a girl to marry a racing man.

"A racing man, perhaps," said the Colonel; "but a betting man—no! You will always take a *bettor for worse!*"

A good story is told, too, of Mr. George Edwardes—"Gaiety George," as the more Bohemian papers are wont to call him.

As most of us know, Mr. Edwardes is a particularly keen racing man, with a tendency to name yearling colts after his successes at the Gaiety and other theatres. In this way he called one of his horses Santoi, and when Santoi had had a fairly lengthy series of defeats, "Gaiety George" might have been heard to declare in his well-known wailing monotone, which has been so often caricatured, that it was the most expensive *toy* he had ever bought in his life.

Almost everybody knows how Mr. Cox, whose racing name is Mr. "Fairie," and who won the Derby last year, sprang from modest means to the position of one of the wealthiest men in the country. He had for some long time had in his possession some scrip, showing him to be the owner of certain gold-mining shares, which, however, he always looked upon as practically valueless. Rich veins of gold were one day discovered in the mines in question, with the result that Mr. "Fairie" was at last enabled to gratify his lifelong ambition to own racehorses.

And, even now, he will often crack a little jest, for which he has been more than once playfully ragged. Talking of his sudden rise to wealth, he will say smilingly, "Sounds quite like a 'Fairie' tale, doesn't it?"

EDWARD STORY.

MY NOTEBOOK.

SPEEDING UP.

I have already explained that this paper has to go to press a considerable time in advance of publication—as a matter of fact, we go to press exactly eleven days before the paper is on sale. This is necessary for several reasons, but chiefly because of the time taken in stitching on the cover.

This is a laborious process, for, though the stitching is done by a special machine, each copy has to be handled separately, and all that takes time.

For a long time past it has been borne forcibly in upon me that it would be a great advantage to us if we could produce the paper much more rapidly than is at present possible, for we should then be in a position to give not only interesting sporting articles of a general character, such as we give at present, but, in addition to them, comments on current sporting events.

With this object, I have determined to speed up the production of the paper.

There is only one way in which this speeding up can be accomplished, and that is by abolishing the cover altogether.

Simple as this solution of the difficulty would appear, it is yet a very serious matter to alter the appearance of a paper in ever so slight a degree, for the older readers are apt to think that the improved form of the paper is not their old favourite but a new-comer.

I therefore hesitated to take the step which I am now taking, but it is one that will, I feel certain, meet with the approval of the vast majority of my readers, for, as I have said, it will enable us to go to press close up to the time of publication, and therefore to deal more adequately with current topics of sporting interest.

ANOTHER IMPROVEMENT.

While one is about it, there is nothing like being thorough, and the number which will come into your hands next Monday morning will embody yet another improvement—namely, that instead of the pages consisting of three narrow columns, they will consist of two wide ones.

My reason for making this change is to remove from THE MODERN MAN all resemblance to certain other weekly papers which at the present time are somewhat similar to it in the appearance of the pages, although I trust that we manage to keep ourselves essentially different from them in regard to the matter we print.

More than once I have received letters from readers who have said that the matter appearing in the paper is ideal, but that, to be candid, the general appearance of the publication is just a little bit "common."

"When I buy it to read in the train," says one correspondent whose letter lies before me, "I always tear the coloured cover off, because I should feel very uncomfortable if my fellow-passengers imagined that I was reading a certain contemporary of yours which appeals to very illiterate people.

"If you would only make the paper a little more high-class in appearance, it would attain an even wider circulation than at present. You could not make it more high-class in regard to the articles and stories."

And all that my reader desires is going to be accomplished next week, for the form of the paper will be much more pleasing, and, to use his expression, "more high class."

I need scarcely assure you that this change of form will have no effect whatsoever upon the contents of the paper, for we shall use the same type of articles and stories as we have always done, except that, of course, we shall get better and better every week, as I also trust that we have always done.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF DISTRIBUTION.

I have made arrang[illegible] for speeding up in [illegible] directions, especially in [illegible] matter of distribution. [illegible] To have the paper on sale in every part of the kingdom simultaneously necessitates the dispatch of a large portion of the issue considerably in advance of the day when newsagents are allowed to sell it.

The means of transit at present used have been carefully considered, and in certain cases new and improved methods have been substituted for existing ones, but into the details of this part of my work I need not enter, as they could scarcely be of interest to you.

The main thing is that in future you will be able to buy this paper at your newsagent's the first thing on Monday morning as before, but the paper will contain, in addition to its usual features, topical comments on sporting matters, which we have hitherto been obliged to leave more or less alone.

Next Monday morning the paper in its new form will be in your hands, and I shall be interested to hear what you think of the improvement. Incidentally I may say that I await your verdict with perfect confidence.

The price of the paper will, of course, be a penny as formerly.

LEAGUE COLOURS.

I am glad to hear from Messrs. Gamage that the demand for MODERN MAN League colours continues to be very large. It is gratifying that this should be the case when a man takes pride in wearing League colours it is convincing proof that he is an enthusiastic disciple of that feeling of good-fellowship and good sportsmanship which it is the object of this paper to voice and foster.

I have been asked by more than one reader why we do not sell the League colours ourselves instead of deputing Messrs. Gamage to do it for us. The reason is that selling ties of that sort is not in our particular line of business; this is an editorial office and not a shop, and we have neither the facilities nor the time for selling ties and hat-bands and mufflers.

That was why I asked Messrs. Gamage to make and stock these things. I approved the samples they submitted to me, both in regard to quality and price, and I am pleased to say that they have served our readers in this respect to everybody's complete satisfaction.

I need scarcely add that THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., does not derive any pecuniary advantage from the sale of these colours, for I am sure that Messrs. Gamage charge very much, for the colours are sold at very moderate prices. Particulars of the various kinds available will be found on page 10.

WHICH CLUB?

Talking of our own colours, I wonder whether you have noticed that some athletic club has a band which is a little like ours at first glance. Theirs has three stripes of equal width—the bottom one dark blue, the middle one gold, and the top stripe cerise.

It is, of course, quite different from ours, as we have a narrow gold band in the middle instead of a wide one, and our top stripe is of the Royal purple instead of cerise.

I have seen two men wearing this band I have described, and I have noticed a number of others. I should like to know to which club they belong, if any of my readers can tell me.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

MEN'S MEN.

SLIGHTS ON MASCULINE POPULARITY.

I don't think that a man's man is necessarily a big strong man.

There is a certain type of big chap for instance, who often have a curious sort of personality that is rarely popular with men. I mean the big, fleshy sort of man whose [illegible] under his weight. Women admire his sheer avoirdupois, and as often as not allude to him as a "beast."

Big men, even weakly men, are often popular with their fellows.

But a man's man is not necessarily a man of all the manly virtues. Of course, we admire and respect the man who is strong, brave, master of himself, but such a one may just lack that "something," that leavening touch which is one of the essential qualities of a man's man.

Call to mind a certain famous athlete. It is hard to pick a flaw in his character as practically every attribute, that [illegible] and yet he is not popular. He is not unpopular, but men do not get enthusiastic over him as they do over lesser lights in the sporting firmament. I suppose the explanation is that he is just a trifle too perfect. A little weakness here would go a long way towards binding him to his fellow-men.

A man's man may be a "squire of dames." Of course, the barber's block or a Greek Adonis is ruled out at once, but a man may shine in the drawing-room, and be immensely popular among his own sex.

It would be a mistake, too, to suppose that untidiness or slovenliness in dress counts to man's favour.

I am sure that the great majority of men really like the man who ostentatiously *fait les convenances*, who is not particular about the state of his linen and clothes, who doesn't get his hair cut when he is going, who is boorish, even piggish, in his manners.

We know that in novels the good chap of the story, the hero's guardian angel, is often represented as a rough, shaggy, sheepdog sort of person, who never wears anything but flannel shirts and ill-fitting Harris tweeds, and who leaves his tobacco ash all over the shop, but then writers of these novels are usually women.

I am pretty sure that most men's men are well-groomed, courteous, and at their ease in society.

Financial success counts for very little in the making of a man's man. The society man is a rolling stone who hasn't a cent to his name, and no prospect of ever acquiring any, but is often more eagerly sought after than the man of affluence.

The lively, frolicking, talkative man may be much liked, but a certain capacity for silence is a pretty common characteristic of a man's man. This does not mean that he is dull or sulky or stupid, but he is the sort of man who can convey a great deal without saying much. He has seen life, and he knows that he is tolerant.

The French saying goes: *Tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner*, that is, to understand is to forgive all.

A man's man is an understanding man, who does not condemn, ever ready to palliate or excuse.

We can generally rely on him for sympathy, but if the stern moralist would condemn such sympathy as misplaced, it is surely misplaced when you are feeling sick, and ashamed of yourself.

H. MORRIS.

A MIDNIGHT TALE.

The constable saw something of interest happening at the door of "Acacia Villa."

Noiselessly he stole up.

It was not a burglar after all, but the limb of the law was no less pleased, for it was the owner of "Acacia Villa" himself, and he was in difficulties, and to extricate him from such might mean a tip.

From the corner of the hedge by the gate, the constable watched, and presently he stepped up to the man who was endeavouring to gain entrance.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but you can't open the door with that. It's your cigar!"

"Upon my word, so it is!" said the man, who had dined more well than wisely. "Then I must have smoked my latchkey."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

It happened at camp.

The fattest private in the company was reposing blissfully outside his tent door. The latest-joined recruit came along and stepped with considerable force upon the foot of the sleeper.

"Blast you for a clumsy brute!" bawled the fattest private. "Do you know you trod on my foot?"

"I'm sorry," said the recruit humbly. "I did my best to jump over it, but I'm only human, and not a kangaroo."

SURMOUNTING THE DIFFICULTY.

Tommy had been naughty. He had been summarily tried by his parents and convicted to be smacked.

"Thomas," said his father sternly; "would you rather your mother thrashed you, or that I did it?"

"Now look here pa," said Tommy; "as man to man do you think that is a fair question? I don't want to show any favouritism, so you and ma had better toss for it."

COMFORTING NEWS.

There came the sound of a fall, and a tinkling smash. Ermyntrude Gladys, the general, dashed upstairs to her mistress's bedroom.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" gasped the lady of the house, gazing at the carpet, "I've smashed my hand mirror, and they say that means seven years of misery."

"Don't you worry, ma'am," said Ermyntrude Gladys soothingly, "If you're going to have seven years of misery, what about me? I've just smashed the pier glass in the drawing-room!"

CIVILISATION AND ILL-MANNERS.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THEM.

Wandering about holiday-making, I have been struck by the exceeding ill-manners of many young men and women of the lower middle classes.

They are, to begin with, exceedingly noisy. I shall be told that I am an old frump who wants everybody to talk in a whisper and walk with eyes on the ground, but I don't think so.

The hearty laugh, the resonant voice of a strong, genial man are one thing, the hoarse laugh, the raucous shouting of these louts another, though not more detestable than the affected tones, the cackling cachinations of so-called Society folk.

I notice next that these young men are much given to playing the fool in public. It is not harmless fooling, but buffoonery.

Don't let us be too hard upon them. It is not altogether their fault. They are suffering from over-civilisation.

An uncivilised man may be cruel and bloodthirsty, but he is never ill-mannered.

He is a self-respecting man, because he is a disciplined man, disciplined either by his fellow savages or by Nature.

You will never catch a savage (unless he has been civilised) doing anything to make himself ridiculous.

He is not devoid of a sense of humour—somewhat grim, it is true, and he can enjoy a joke—but he would consider the public antics of the young Englishman out for a holiday utterly unworthy of his manhood.

I am not thinking of 'Arry in 'Arriet's hat—that is a time-honoured tribal custom. The great majority of working-class chaps behave themselves exceedingly well in public. They may indulge in a little rough play, but they do not grin through a horse collar or try to "show off" like the young larrikin of the office or shop.

The more civilised a nation the greater its impatience of discipline. The modern youth of the sedentary working-class chafes against discipline of any kind, and therefore he is ill-mannered.

F. A. COLES.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT

CURATIVE PHYSICAL CULTURE.

HOW IT MAY BE EMPLOYED TO MAKE A MAN ORGANICALLY FIT AS WELL AS MUSCULARLY STRONG.

The efficacy of Physical Culture as a curative agent has long been recognised. In view of this, it seems not a little strange that until recently no effectual method for its serviceable application has been discovered.

Such, however is the indisputable fact; and it is without hesitation that we put our finger upon the reason.

Medical men have not, generally speaking, given the matter their fullest attention, possibly on account of lack of time, or because physical exertion in any form does not appeal to the majority of their patients.

Consequently the application of Physical Culture has been left in the hands of men whose only qualification has been a certain knowledge of calisthenics or gymnastics.

OLD-FASHIONED METHODS.

This fact, in itself, should be sufficient to scare even the least nervous person in search of health; but the introduction of various apparati into the Physical Culture curricula has, to use an Americanism, "put the lid on it."

Apparatus has almost had its day, and the public is fast recognising its uselessness, both as a curative agent and as a means of attaining fitness and strength.

This condition of things has been brought about, partly because no man trained by apparatus has ever succeeded in performing either feats of strength or endurance to approach those of men who have followed natural methods; partly because no radical cure has ever been worked by their use; but mostly because of the fearless manner in which the use of apparatus has been condemned by the more advanced experts in the Physical Culture movement.

The public is alive to the many ways in which it was being fleeced, and the hour is propitious to show how a few exercises can really work cures for various diseases; how, without the use of apparatus other than the patients' minds they can be brought into a state of good health.

DOCTORS CO-OPERATING.

The medical faculty is now giving more attention to the application of physical culture; because, as presented by this new idea, it offers more interest to the patient, with practically no waste of power and energy, and there is no doubt that before long the enthusiastic co-operation of medical men will be given to the treatment of disease by exercise.

The correct employment of physical culture as a curative agent requires great experience. To send out a chart of exercises without regard for the age, powers, or malady of the patient is, to speak moderately, dangerous; and yet this is being done to-day.

Unfortunately the law has no power to lay the perpetrators of such outrages by the heels, and so people go on trusting their physical well-being to the mercies of men who dismiss their cases with a batch of duplicated letters of advice, which will be sent indiscriminately both to the man suffering from a nervous disorder, and to the strong sporting youth with a longing for strenuous physical exercise.

In view of the foregoing, to those who are thinking of taking up physical culture, for any purpose whatsoever, I say, with all vehemence at my command, only take up a system of exercises where you are sure of obtaining individual instruction, and where you may be equally certain that you will receive no duplicated letters of advice.

DIFFERENT MEN, DIFFERENT NEEDS.

It is hardly necessary for me to tell you that Physical Culture, whether taken up for the sake of health or pleasure, must be applied to the needs of the individual, and that the treatment which may be *par excellence* for one man, will do another serious harm.

I hope to give in these pages, from time to time, exercises which will be of great use to all sorts and conditions of men, and which will be applicable to all on account of their impossibility to cause strain in any way.

This week I give an exercise which is taken by special permission from the most up-to-date system existing, and which is invaluable in promoting a healthy condition of the stomach and intestines, and in eradicating most of the ordinary disorders of the internal organs.

Study this exercise carefully, without using any undue force.

Showing chest lifted and lungs empty. Note how the stomach is drawn in.

1. Deflate the lungs *completely*. This may be accomplished by exhaling strongly, and simultaneously contracting and depressing the chest and abdomen.

2. *Without inhaling*, draw the stomach in, and lift the chest. (If this be performed correctly, the abdominal muscles should be pressed against the internal organs by the outside pressure of air.)

3. Allow the air to enter the lungs through the nostrils, and thus gradually inflate the lungs to their utmost capacity.

It may easily be realised that a more natural or more perfect massage of the internal organs has never been discovered, for incidentally the lungs are used to their fullest extent.

This is not a breathing exercise, the expulsion of the air being merely a means to an end, as explained above.

This exercise may be performed a few times upon rising in the morning, as thus it will assist the organs in performing their functions, should constipation be present.

Should the abdominal muscles be too hard or tough to admit of their being drawn in easily or loosely, they may be assisted with the hands, until such time as they attain the desired suppleness.

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DEBATING SECTION.

PHYSICAL WRECKS.

E. C. S. (Peckham) writes: "Having noticed Mr. Quantrell's letter in THE MODERN MAN a few weeks back on physical wrecks, I have been busy routing out a few of them lately, with the most extraordinary result.

"They cannot see my point of view at all, or in plainer words, they do not see that they are physical wrecks.

"Being the fortunate possessor of a very robust frame, and of magnificent health, perhaps I am expecting too much of the man in the street, but I have always looked upon a thin, haggard man with a stoop as a physical wreck.

"One such person, whom I approached, took up and even threatened violence, when I told him to go home and look in the glass. Nature thought better of carrying the threat into execution, but I still believe the man looked upon me as some kind of navvy, with a craze for muscles and red cheeks.

"Opponents of Physical Culture always seem anxious to make out that those who study it are stupid, dull-witted, coarse people. It is not the Physical Culturist who is stupid, however.

"My work is heavy and uncongenial, performed in an atmosphere and surroundings which are distinctly 'off.' My antidote is proper exercise and open-air sleeping. If I can overcome such difficulties and keep fit in spite of all on twenty-two shillings per week, does it not go to prove that I am superior to such people, as much in intellect as in physique?

"Having no desire to blow my own trumpet, I beg that you will pardon my having omitted my full name, but I should like to know what

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"free movements"; more resistance is given than is possible by lifting the heaviest of weights.

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J. JACKSON ROBINSON, Physical Culture Specialist,

(Dept. M), 18, CHELTENHAM AVENUE, LIVERPOOL.

general, that, because a man takes a pride in his body and an interest in his health, he should be looked upon as something in the nature of a wild beast by the unfit?"

WHO IS THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD?

"... in the controversy as to who is the strongest man in the world, your correspondents, without exception, have left the matter of endurance entirely out of the question.

"A fairer test would surely be to pit these men against one another at various feats, wherein weight-lifting or the expending outlay of strength only, and not endurance of any sort would be included. Then other contests wherein physical power would be applied to some purpose, and give a useful purpose, such as a long-distance walk or run, a day's strenuous labour, and other things requiring the application of both physical force and powers of endurance.—'SIGMA.'"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. A. (Whitechapel).—Eat less flesh food until excessive heat subsides. Personally, I breakfast with eggs prepared in various ways. Lunch, eggs the next. For supper, any of following: fruit, green salad, cheese, cereals [illegible].

[illegible].—Measurements fairly symetrical for age, but could be improved upon under [illegible]. Calf well above average. All the exercises you mention such as football, cricket, and rambling, are healthy, but [illegible] over-indulged in.

[illegible].—You should grow considerably as you are only seventeen. Boxing will not retard your growth, and is a manly sport. For further advice *re* increase in height, see article on same in No. 135 of THE MODERN MAN.

[illegible] (Maidstone).—To prevent bad after-effects of sunstroke, remove the patient to a cool and shady spot, and administer cold water. Also apply cold compresses to the head. Change frequently until medical aid arrives. Teetotallers [illegible] attacks.

[illegible] (Liverpool).—You are wrong in saying that Physical Culture is of no use to the boxer. Certainly he should not fall into the error of loading himself with unnecessary muscle, and thereby becoming slow in his movements and muscle-bound; but equally he should not neglect exercises of the right kind, for they will give his blows power and provide him with stamina. Ball-punching and skipping are excellent means of training for a boxing contest.

[illegible] (Cardiff).—I do not believe in vegetarianism. The best diet for the athlete is a mixed one.

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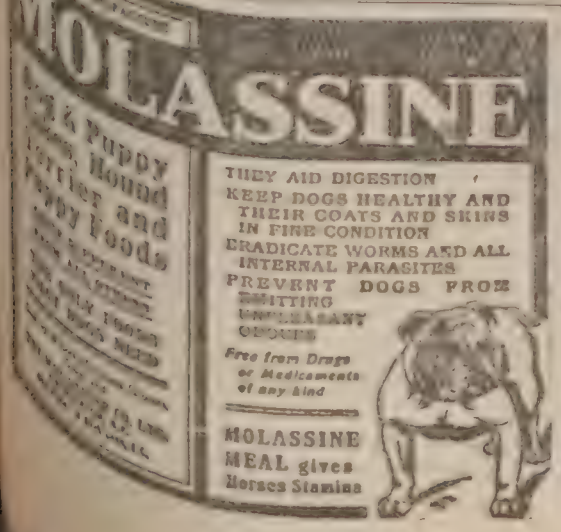
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AN EPISODE.

QUESTIONS OF TACT

By H. GRINDLAY.

"You'll excuse me, sir," said Mr. Stroud, the landlord, "if I have a nap? I always look for forty winks after serving the coffee-room lunch. It's tiring work this weather, and you can't kid these commercials to stick to cold beef."

"Certainly, said I."

A nap seemed by no means out of place on that sleepy summer afternoon.

We were in the little smoke-room, of which the landlord, it being Hebe's afternoon out, was in charge. No customers were expected that side of the house.

He settled to rest, and had got a tobacco-reeking cushion in a position to the liking of his bald head and a serviette over his fat, good-natured face, when the new barman poked his pate in at the door.

"Mrs. Annan sends 'er compliments, sir, and ses can you let 'er 'ave a bottle of Johnny Walker? She's run out, and customers are waitin'."

"Blarst Mrs. Annan!" said Mr. Stroud from behind his serviette. "Yes, send her the bottle of Johnny Walker, and say that's six she owes me and this really is the last I can lend her till she's paid the o hers back."

"All right, sir."

Mr. Stroud stirred uneasily.

"Worst of it is I knew her late husband. Good chap, Bob Annan was. So I've got to let her have the whisky for his sake y'know. Muddling sort o' body. Bet odds I'll never see any o' them six bottles, though. Can't refuse. Question of tact, see? 'Ave to be very tactful in this line."

He grunted.

I had a paper in my pocket that was an organ of the Government. It said, in a leaderette, one or two pointed things about the publican who "fattens on the vices of others."

The voice of an itinerant beggar disturbed my reading of the paper.

"Walked all the way from London," it mumbled. "'Ad nothing to eat. If you could give me a job, sir——"

The serviette was off Mr. Stroud's face in an instant.

"Not this side!" he bawled, instinctively. "What the devil d' you want?"

The man repeated his statement.

"Job? Good 'eavens. Take me for a registry office for servants? Go to hell with you. Quick!"

The man shuffled out.

"Come 'ere!" Mr. Stroud called out, sternly.

He withdrew his cigarette-case from his pocket and flung the beggar a cigarette.

"There's a smoke for you. And—stop a minute—here's tuppence. You can get some grub with that—and see the barman takes the froth off it."

"Poor brute!" he added, to me. "Fancy being without a drink on a day like this. But he'd better not come whinin' here again. I shall chuck him right out. It ain't good policy bein' charitable to that sort. Lazy beggar! Wish I 'adn't given him the tuppence. But tho e blighters talk. Mustn't get a name for meanness in this line."

Mr. Stroud sank to rest again discontentedly, but he was fated to get no peace that afternoon, for it was a racing man who dashed in next, and the consideration of that class extends only to racing.

"Battleaxe for the two-thirty," he announced fiercely, as he dashed in. "Battleaxe!—and only five minutes to spare. Here, landlord! Wake up quick, you old bargee! I want a quid each way on Battleaxe. You've got an account with a bookie, I suppose? Well, do you mind telephoning it through? Here's the ready. Thanks. And for Heaven's sake buck up!"

Mr. Stroud pulled himself together and made his exit for the office.

"Want the money to-night if it clicks, boss," the racing man called out. "Catching the 6.50 back to Town? Arrange for that, will you?"

"All right, sir, thank you," said Mr. Stroud from the office.

"Worst of landlords in these country holes," said the supporter of Battleaxe to me, "they're so bloomin' slow. All you can do to get 'em to oblige you in the slightest degree."

THE COLOUR LINE IN INDIA.

The "colour line" is very strictly drawn in India.

True, the great Indian rajahs entertain Europeans, and are entertained by them in return at balls and other social functions. But even the Jam of Nawanagar, who is much better remembered perhaps as K. S. Ranjitsinhji, would not be elected a member of any European club in India, and at some clubs he would not be allowed to enter even as a guest.

It seems rather absurd, but such is the inflexible rule.

A European who marries a Eurasian—that is, a person of mixed descent, with Asiatic blood in his or her veins—is boycotted, while the white man who marries a native woman is said to go "fantee," and is cast out utterly beyond the pale.

At the same time, there are native members of the Viceroy's Council and native judges, but election to an Anglo-Indian club is not for them.

FRANK WOOTTON'S WONDERFUL RECORD.

It has fallen to the lot of one of our youngest jockeys—F. Wootton, to wit—to bring off a performance which few riders have ever achieved.

At the middle of August he had scored 105 wins. Although we are not writing from a book of reference, but from memory, it is fairly safe to say that probably the only other jockey who scored his century of wins early in August was Fred Archer.

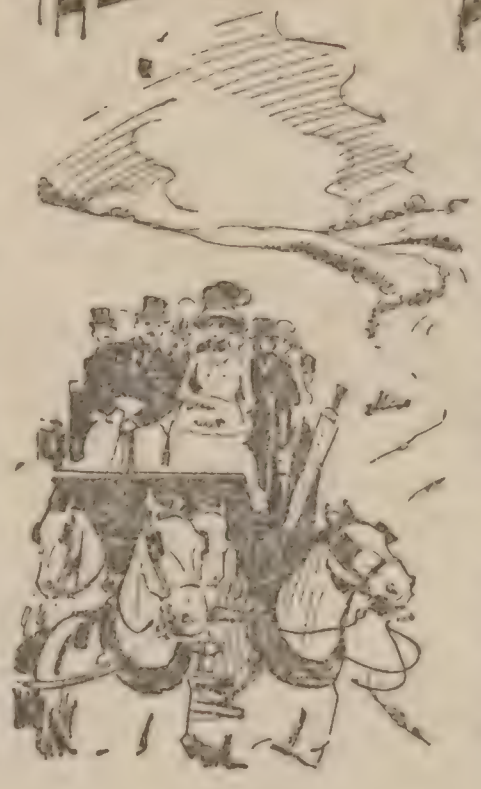
It is gratifying to see this achievement of young Wootton's, for it is feared that he may not much longer be able to ride on the flat. The clever youngster is putting on weight rapidly—a matter of grave concern professionally, to himself and all his many friends.

However, whatever happens, the unassuming young rider will be able to say that in the very few years in which he has been in the saddle he has made a name for himself in the annals of the Turf that will be excelled by very few; and as he has enjoyed the shrewdest possible advice in the investment of the immense sums of money he has earned by riding, it is safe to say that those few years will be as valuable to him as a lifetime of toil to thousands of other men.

HEARD ON THE HIGHROAD

COACHING STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY A WELL-KNOWN WHIP.



The quaintly picturesque days when coaching was practically the sole means of long-distance travelling, which afford such excellent opportunities to descriptive writers who never lived in them, have gone never to return, and it is for this reason that the old coaching days are instinct with so much glamour.

Probably in another fifty years or so, when railways will be about as archaic as a means of locomotion as the coach is now, and when people will travel from London by cheap day trips, per aeroplane express, to see Test matches at Sydney, then, perhaps, charmingly fanciful stories will be written around the prosaic puff-puff of the present day.

But, despite the fact that far more attention is given to the old-fashioned annals of coaching, still a considerable amount of amusement—and excitement, too, sometimes—is to be derived from travelling by, or driving, a coach, even under modern conditions.

Events quite out of the ordinary run of every-day life are wont to happen during a coaching spin, and, from the driver's point of view, the people he has to carry are often highly entertaining.

AN AMERICAN PASSENGER.

For instance, I was driving a coach down to Brighton not long ago, and the man who had the box-seat, next to me, was a Yankee—of the very numerous inquisitive order.

Every mortal thing he came across he would ask some question about.

He seemed to think that, in addition to tooling my shandrydan, my duties included the office of lecturer and guide. Consequently, when I was, naturally enough, unable to supply exact information regarding the antiquity of churches and so on, he looked mightily aggrieved.

His face cleared after a time, however. He had evidently thought of a subject that I did know about.

"Say," he began, "what wud ye say thet team wud cost to buy?"

Here, again, I was not able to give definite figures; but I knew the team was a really valuable one, and I named a good sounding sum in hundreds of pounds.

My questioner looked astonished.

"Hully gee!" he exclaimed; and then added suddenly, "Ah, but I suppose that wud include the coach an' appurtenances as well!"

WHY DOES HE DO IT?

Another genius made me laugh rather the other day. He had been watching me having my arm nearly wrenched off by a mettlesome young leader for some twenty minutes in silence. He seemed to be thinking. At last he spoke.

"I can understand a man like Vanderbilt taking this sort of thing on as a sport," he observed sapiently, "but for a chap like *you*"—(the writer is the eldest son of a famous nobleman, but is too modest to say so himself.—EDITOR)—"to do it every day, when you look intelligent enough to earn your two pounds or so a week easily as a clerk quite passes my comprehension."

I was quite contented to allow it to pass his comprehension, for I was too amused to stop it anyway.

As most of you know, it is customary, now and then—say when entering a village or passing any well-known landmark in a town, and at other odd times—to give a call on the coach-horn. An amusing incident happened recently on my coach in this connection.

The guard, upon whom, of course, this musical duty falls, had dashed into the inn where we had been changing horses, to snatch a hasty refresher (it was a blazing hot day), and left his horn behind—an omission which he only discovered when we had started off again and the inn lay miles behind us.

There was not another on the coach, and the unfortunate guard did not know what to do.

There happened, however, to be a sporting-looking old chap on board who was going down to stay at Brighton with his brother and was taking down an enormous gramophone for the latter's children.

With a willing diffidence he unpacked the thing, and blushingly offered the huge trumpet to the astonished guard, inquiring whether it would do.

AN UNUSUAL COACH HORN.

The guard took it, and, to humour the kindly old chap, tried a call on it, when, to his intense surprise, he found he obtained quite a passable result. So that the good folk of the villages between Horsham and Brighton were favoured with the rather extraordinary sight of a well-appointed coach, whose guard was tootling stirring calls on a red gramophone trumpet, fluted, and of colossal proportions!

Another Yankee passenger of mine made a rather funny remark to my guard not long ago.

On our return journey we were passing a well-known West-End hotel which is noted for its excellent champagne. The guard ventured to inform the old American of the fact.

"Oh," said the other, "do *you* like their champagne?"

"Well, sir," replied the guard, intending to be waggish, "the smell of it as we pass the 'ouse is all I've managed to get at present."

The old chap chuckled.

"That so?" he said. "Wal, my friend, I reck'n it must be vurry *dry* champagne for you, then!"

MATTERS OF WEIGHT.

Quite another type of patron was a man who evidently took the greatest interest in statistics—one of the sort who treasure up the fact that all the loaves of standard bread baked in London in one day would, if put one on top of the other, reach as far as Mars, and all that sort of thing. Well, he asked the entire weight of a coach, and, I regret to say, I saw a chance of pulling his leg. I gave him a complicated formula involving the multiplication of the length of the pole with that of the radius of one of the front wheels, and many more processes which I forget now.

The poor chap got out a note-book and a tape measure, and started his calculations at every stop. Lunching at a wayside inn, I looked out of the window, and there he was, fasting, in his eagerness to measure some portion of the vehicle.

Finally, he told me with awe that the vehicle must weigh about six times as much as the Flying Cornishman!

S. N.

WHEN CRICKET STOPS.

Remember that a cricket club will often buy up your bat—if you happen to want to change it next year—and such of your cricket balls as are in good condition.

These come in splendidly for practice, and save the match bats and balls a lot of wear and tear.

WEARERS OF THE BADGE.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page. A supplementary list will be published, giving the names and addresses of all new members whose towns have already been dealt with.*

OAKHAM.
C. ASBRIDGE, Manton Station.
E. A. CLARKE, Manton Station.
R. G. DOLBY, Manton Station.

OBAN.
T. CARMICHAEL, SS. "Plover."

OGMORE VALE.
W. E. MILLGATE, 3, Dunraven Place.
F. NEUTH, 7, Gorwyl Road.

OLDBURY.
F. PARTRIDGE, 5, Brownford Road.

OLD CATHCART.
G. SANDERSON, The Moorings.

OLD CHARLTON.
H. T. G. GARNER, 93, Charlton Lane.
S. A. GARNER, 93, Charlton Lane.
F. J. ROBINSON, 11, Elliscombe Road.

OLD COLWYN.
V. STEVENSON, Blenheim, Cadogan Road.

OLD CUMMOCK.
J. McDONALD, 477, The Crescent, Lugar.

OLDHAM.
E. ABBOTT, 5, Chester Street.
G. BARRATT, 64, Minton Street.
J. M. BESWICK, 2, Gas Street.
T. O. BOOTH, Fitton Hill.
H. BOTTOMS, 108, Copster Hill Road.
F. BUCKLEY, 56, Morris Street.
W. CALVERT, 37, Prince Albert Street.
S. CARRINGTON, Jun., 22, Roundthorn Road.
J. CLARKSON, 89, Middleton Road.
F. CLEGHORN, Parkside Street.
F. CUNLIFFE, 57, Kersley Street, Glodwick.
J. ECKERSLEY, 41, Union Street.
T. FIELDING, 23, Limeside Road, Hollinwood.
S. C. HAIGH, Osborne Mount, Wernett.
G. HARRINGTON, 6, Afghan Street.
H. N. HARROP, care of Messrs. G. H. Lees and Co., Caxton Works, Lees Road.
F. HIRD, 22, Lincoln Street.
W. HIGHAM, 10, Gas Street.
M. HOWES, 76, Lansdowne Road.
E. JONES, 82, Beal Street, Shaw.
J. KERSHAW, 109 and 111, Villa Road.
J. B. KERSHAW, 562, Lees Road.
A. LAW, 54, Henshaw Street.
C. LEES, Caxton Works, Lees Road.
F. LEES, 25, Radcliffe Street.
H. LEES, 17, Eagle Street.
A. LONGLEY, 320, Middleton Road.
J. LUCAS, 42, Landseer Road.
S. MALLALIEN, Friendship Hotel, Mumps.
A. MOSES, 72, Chelmsford Street.
A. ORMEROD, 419, Ashton Road.
F. PEARSON, 5, Milne Street, Derker.
W. PLATT, 413, Ripponden Road, Moo side.
H. POTTS, 10, Rastrick Street.
A. PRICE, 32, Bush Road.
F. RAMSDEN, 79, Middleton Road.
J. RAMSDEN, 35 Gurnett Street.
W. ROBERTS, 103, Coppice Street.
G. ROYAL, 25, Duke Street, Chadderton.
J. SIMPSON, 17, Cranbrook Street, Lees Road.
W. SULLIVAN, 85, Radcliffe Street.
H. D. SWITHENBANK, 19, Malton Street, Coppice.
H. TAYLOR, 185, Horsedge Street.
J. TAYLOR 122, Trafalgar Street.
J. THORNLEY, 23, Herbert Street, Waterhead.
F. VAUGHAN, 85, Featherstall Road South.
J. WARREN, 22, Heap Street.
A. G. WHARFE, 123, Lees Road.
F. WIGGLESWORTH, 1, Rose Street, Hollinwood.
T. WILD, 38, Balfour Street.
C. WOOD, 114, Featherstall Road.
J. B. WRIGHT, 15, Mumps.

OLD PELTON.
J. GEDGE, 17, Grange Street.

OLD WHITTINGTON.
A. ADAMS, Prospect Road.
R. BAUGH, 2, Broomhall Road.

ONGAR.
E. PETLEY, "Bellevue," High Street.

ORKNEY ISLES.
W. SCOTT, 15, Bridge Street, Kirkwall.
G. SEATTER, Gardens Buildings, Kirkwall.

OSWALDTWISTLE.
H. COCKER, Rose Cottage.
B. C. HAM, Rose Cottage.

OSMASTON.
J. W. GROMETT, 38, Selborne Street.

OSBALDESTON (near Blackburn).
J. CROSS, 47, Albert Street.
J. SIM, 71, Stanhill.
J. W. TAYLOR, Sandy Beds Farm.

OSWESTRY.
H. FINNEY, The Cross.
H. SMITH, Bronheulog, Llansilin.

(To be Continued.)

WILL FOOTBALLERS STRIKE?

MANY OF THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THE PROS. WORK ARE GROSSLY UNFAIR.

I do not say categorically that the modern professional footballer is a slave. I merely contend that, despite certain concessions granted him in return, some of the conditions of his employment approximate to slavery.

Everybody knows that the professional footballer is paid for his services, but many persons, even followers of football, are ignorant of the exact terms of his employment, which I now propose to make quite clear.

THE WAGE LIMIT.

It is a fairly common delusion that the wage limit has been abolished.

At one time the Football Association forbade the Leagues under its jurisdiction to pay any player more than £4 a week or £208 per annum.

In 1910, the F.A. abolished all financial restrictions on the Leagues, leaving them free to make their own arrangements with players.

The manner in which they followed was distinctly curious.

The ostensible reason for abolishing the £4 limit was that it was constantly evaded, and led to much secret bribery, and underhand dealing.

What did the English League and the Southern League do when given a free hand?

SLIGHT MODIFICATIONS.

They promptly met and agreed to retain the £4 a week limit, subject to some slight modification in the way of allowing clubs to give a man an extra £26 a year after two years' service from the date of the resolution, and another £26 a year extra after another two years.

They did not, however, they retained a principle which they knew from past experience would lead to grave abuses. Curious, to say the least.

The English footballer, unlike his brother professional, is not free to sell his skill for the highest bidder.

This seems to be a most iniquitous form of oppression, the like of which it is, I think, impossible to parallel in any other walk of life.

THE WAGE SCALES

Generally there are standard rates of payment in professions and trades, but the man of special ability can always demand what he considers he is worth. Not so the English professional footballer.

The player's lot has certainly been improved in two directions by recent legislation.

He and his comrades may now receive bonus for winning the championship or finishing well in their League division, and for success in the Cup Ties.

The following are the bonus scales, the bonus to be distributed being divisible among the players:

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

1 Club	not exceeding	£275
2 "	" "	£220
3 "	" "	£165
4 "	" "	£110
5 "	" "	£55

CUP TIES.

Winning Club	not exceeding	£275
Runners-up	" "	£220

DEFEATED.

Semi-Finalists	(each) not exceeding	£165
4th Round Clubs	" " "	£110
3rd " "	" " "	£55
2nd " "	" " "	£22

The principle of "benefits" is now officially recognised, while a player may share in his transfer fee when transferred by a club for financial reasons, on a scale ranging from 10 to 50 per cent. of the increase in the value of his transfer fee.

But, mark you, he has no right to a benefit or to a share in his transfer fee, and he is in both cases practically at the mercy of his club. And the transfer system remains, a hideous blot on football legislation.

DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSFER.

A player cannot transfer without the consent of his club, and, if his directors have a "down" on him, they can close his football career so far as England is concerned by putting a prohibitive transfer fee on his head.

In such a case a player's only chance is to go to Scotland or Ireland, where the "writ" of the Football Association does not run, but even the most peripatetic of players is not always prepared to "emigrate."

The transfer system enables a club to pursue a dog in the manger policy towards a player, neither playing him themselves nor allowing anyone else to.

If he rebels they can sack him at a fortnight's notice, when he loses all benefits and other advantages.

W. PRINGLE.

AUTUMN SEA ANGLING.

Many people regret the approach of autumn. To them it simply means chilly winds, shortening evenings, and an unpleasant foretaste of winter.

To the sea angler, however, autumn brings content, for his favourite sport is then often at its best.

High tides and stormy waters — not too stormy, but a bit more than lively—bring the fish, big and little, inshore, and they are usually well on the feed, while there is always a reasonable chance of a whopper.

In September, conger, hake, and pollack are at their best, while bass, bream, flounder, halibut and plaice are also in season.

In October you have a particularly good chance of hooking a big skate, which is at its prime during this month. Skate, by the way, will take nearly all fish baits, and are also partial to sand eels. They frequent sandy or muddy bottoms.

Other October fish which are in season are brill, cod, turbot, mullet, haddock, flounder, gurnard, dab, plaice, pollack.

Of course, I don't guarantee that you will get these fish everywhere, for fish vary in their habits with different localities.

April and May are the best months in most places for bass, but October is a very good month for them on the South Coast.

Autumn sea fishing calls for stout tackle, heavy leads, and an indifference to wind and weather.

THE CAMP FARM MYSTERY.

(Continued from page 2.)

By eleven o'clock the household had retired to bed, and when everything was quiet I stole along the passage to the door of the room where Walter Howes was sleeping, and picked up his boots from the mat. As silently, I returned to my own room, lit my candle, and examined the boots. One of them coincided exactly with the footprint, and had a patch on the point of the sole.

I replaced the boots on his mat and went to bed resolved to wait till morning before taking action.

How long I had been sleeping I do not know, but I awakened suddenly, with an unaccountable feeling that I was not alone in the room. Before I could move I felt a pair of hands gripping my throat.

"You devil!" hissed a voice above me. "I suspected you from the first, and I was watching through the keyhole when you took away my boots."

It was the voice of Walter Howes.

He was a much stronger man than I was, and I knew that unless I could free myself I should be strangled. Mustering all my strength, I rolled out of bed and seized him by the ankles.

Fortunately for me, he slipped and we crashed to the floor together. His fingers now had left my throat, and I shouted lustily.

Jackson and his wife appeared on the scene, and between us we secured our prisoner.

The rest of the case was of less interest to me. The police, once put upon the right track, forged the chain of circumstantial evidence link by link, and after his conviction he made a full confession.

He had visited his uncle, had tried to get money from him, and had subsequently returned, entered by the window, and murdered him in cold blood.

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THE SCIENTISTS

A SKETCH.

By

F. B. FORTUNE.

It can only be regarded as calamitous when a family, otherwise estimable, becomes afflicted with a craze. Take, for instance, the Perkinses, who have recently adopted science.

There everything is scientific. The walls are hung with astronomical charts, and diagrams of unpleasant gentlemen, destitute of skin and displaying a positively indecent number of organs and sinews and things, confront you at every turn.

Papa Perkins was the first offender, paying fifteen guineas for a telescope last winter, and while the novelty lasted the whole family might be found waiting in a queue to look at the nebula in Orion or the mountains of the moon, quite oblivious of the fact that the window was wide open and the temperature in the region of 28deg. Fahrenheit.

Papa even commenced an elaborate map of the Martian canals, and made considerable progress with the same, until his attention was drawn, from the redundancy of moons, to the belief that he had been unwittingly sketching Jupiter.

Then there was the famous discovery of a new sun-spot, which Horace worked out by algebra on three sheets of foolscap, to be equal to the diameter of twenty-two earths, but which turned out to be nothing like so large, being, in point of fact, a small fragment of the price ticket still adhering to the lens.

Philip, one supposes, must be called the meteorologist.

He has acquired a unique collection of barometers, thermometers, rain gauges, wind vanes, and such-like appliances.

He undertakes the task of checking the weather forecasts in the chief daily papers each evening, and explaining exactly how and why the estimate went wrong.

Philip it is who invented a new contrivance for registering earthquakes: something like a seismograph, but better. The instrument was so sensitive that at 7.30 every morning for a whole week it registered a prodigious earthquake, of which no report was forthcoming from the official stations, but which Philip traced to the centre of Afghanistan.

Actually, it was not quite so far off, inasmuch as it was accidentally discovered that Harriet, the housemaid, had found the wooden box in which the instrument was enclosed to be admirably adapted to beating the household mats upon; but Philip conclusively proved that if there *had* been an earthquake in Afghanistan at that time every morning it would have traced precisely the same deviation on the chart.

Similarly with the rain gauge, which Harriet mistook for a new kind of drain, and was the innocent cause of its registering the stupendous rainfall of 24 inches in 24 hours, which was the maximum amount it could contain at one draught.

Ernest is the biologist. He has a number of glass cases containing moths—painfully outstretched and skewered through the middle with pins—and he is able to acquaint you with the names and pedigree of each without faltering and in the Latin tongue.

He possesses a powerful microscope, and will be pleased to show you—if you are interested, and even if you aren't—the sort of things you will eat in your food and swallow in your drink when dinner is served.

He allowed me once to witness a battle between an odd creature with a number of heads and eyes all down its stomach like buttons and a globular beast similar to a piece of thistledown with stiff prickles.

The prickly one revolved at an alarming rate, and presently disappeared down one of the throats of its cerberian antagonist. I am inclined to believe it went on revolving after it was swallowed, for the creature with the buttons shortly afterwards bulged in the middle and burst. I was told how many of these inhabit a single drop of water, but I forget the number. I know it was very large.

Bert is the youngest and most dangerous of the Perkinses. He is devoted to chemistry, and revels in sudden explosions and fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen. It is through him that Harriet has given notice.

The last straw occurred when a succession of handkerchiefs, which she was ironing, disappeared in a wisp of flame, they having been converted into gun cotton by immersion in a solution of nitric acid.

Harriet, not very intelligent till a miracle has been repeated several times, flopped suddenly down on the kitchen floor and began to scream very loudly.

It is likely that later on she will spread the report that the house is infested with devils; and some learned occultist will investigate the case and write up his discoveries in a prominent theosophist review.

* * * * * * *

Once upon a time I liked the Perkinses. Now I carefully avoid them.

CHEATING AT BILLIARDS.

If you are playing billiards with a stranger—a practice which is foolish, to say the least of it—here is a useful piece of advice.

Follow the golfer's maxim, and keep your eye on the ball—your ball.

It is not very easy to cheat at billiards, for tricks of sleight-of-hand and so on, as are practised with cards, are obviously impossible. Consequently the crook will very often resort to the expedient which is known as "playing with two balls."

He plays rapidly, starting a fresh stroke almost before the balls have stopped rolling; and unless you watch him very carefully he will, if it suits his book, play with your ball instead of his own.

The thing to do, if you see him do it, is to say so at once. Then his break comes to an end; and though he is entitled to the points he has made, you are entitled to play with which ball you prefer.

Another favourite trick of the billiard swindler, when his adversary is not looking—say when he is chalking his cue with his back half-turned, or else is talking to a third person—is to play in such a way that two "clicks" are distinctly audible. Then, whether he has scored or not, the crook will declare that he has made a cannon,

THE PARTRIDGE.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING BEGINS ON SEPTEMBER 1.

A nickname is usually a sign of popularity. It is so with the partridge, for the "little brown bird" is beloved throughout Great Britain.

The commonest of our game birds, requiring neither the peculiar surroundings necessary to the grouse nor the lavish care bestowed upon the pheasant, he is found practically wherever the land is farmed, and often, too, on wild tracts of down and moor, so long as they are not too far removed from cultiv[illegible]

The partridge is, therefore, the p[illegible] bird—an expression which, though it does not mercifully imply a common right to destroy him, does suggest that he is [illegible] within reach of the average man than pheasant, grouse, black game, or woodcock.

But let not the reader gather the impression that the partridge does not require strict pre[illegible] servation.

Although in a good year a farm of a couple of hundred acres may give a day's bag of ten, fifteen, or even twenty brace, the huge totals of a couple of hundred brace in a single day's shooting, and even more, are never obtained except on large estates of [illegible] favourable land, which are nursed and [illegible] with greater care than is bestowed upon the inhabitants of the covert.

It is towards the end of May that the partridges' nests are filled with their c[illegible] ment of from twelve to twenty eggs, and the third week in June sees the hatching of the majority.

Should the weather be fine and dry a [illegible] season may be anticipated; but coine[illegible] heavy thunderstorms or cold and [illegible] weather, the delicate youngsters are dr[illegible] wholesale or perish of disease brought on by the inclemency of the weather.

In some unfavourable seasons the p[illegible] ridges have been almost wiped out through these causes.

Even a continuous spell of hot weather is not entirely desirable unless there is an occa[illegible] sional shower, not too heavy or [illegible] to draw forth from the ground the [illegible] insect food upon which partridges largely de[illegible] pend for their subsistence. It will be seen that both partridges and farmers alike [illegible] more of an English summer than our climate is usually able to produce.

It is not, however, only the weather that the covey has to contend with; while they are still within the eggs, poachers of the two-legged and four-legged variety hunt them out and sell or devour them according to the number of legs they possess.

Partridges are more subject to the depredations of poachers than are grouse, because they live and breed in fairly close proximity to the towns and villages.

If gamekeepers would exercise more care as to the origin of the eggs they buy, there would be less egg-poaching.

The sitting bird is not only in danger of fox and rat, stoat and hedgehog, but has also to fear the deadly mowing machine and the loss of all her hopes.

Altogether it is not a little wonderful that the first of September still continues to bring along its crop of birds to be walked up on stubbles into roots or clover by the advancing of guns and beaters, or later on in the season to be swept off the fields over the sides of a hedge, behind which the sportsmen are waiting with guns and loaders.

Walked up or driven, the partridge is a grand little bird, and long may he grace the rural districts of Great Britain and bring pleasure to the ever-growing number of gunners.

ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN.

OTHER MEN'S GOODS.

HOW THEY ARE WASTED IN OFFICES.

It is human nature to make free with what one does not pay for.

Whether we are working or amusing ourselves, we exercise a more careful watch over our personal expenditure when we ourselves have to foot the bill.

On the other hand, there is a perhaps pardonable tendency, when another pocket pays, to be reckless and extravagant.

An expression of this human and very common characteristic in the office frequently causes an employer ground on which to found a serious complaint against his staff.

There are almost every office reckless men who seem to take pleasure in sheer destruction of office material. They have no sense of responsibility in dealing with other people's goods.

For the most part, they are men who would never think of committing a theft, and if their motives in the office were put to them in plain terms, they would resent the suggestion however applicable such a comparison might be. They are merely reckless and, perhaps, somewhat filled with high spirits.

This sort of waster, however, can usually be dealt with. His delinquencies are obvious, and they are often glaring and gratuitous, and an employer who sees what is going on, and who does not take the first opportunity to put a stop to it, has only himself to blame if his bill for office requisites does not go down by twenty per cent. a year.

There is the other kind of waster of office material. He is much harder to deal with because no employer should expect good work with inferior appliances.

This kind of waster wastes from sheer habit, born of that characteristic which was mentioned at the outset as being a very prevalent and human one.

It may seem to this man and his kind to be a small thing that a new pencil should be taken from the stationery cupboard every morning just because he happened to put yesterday's pencil in his pocket and left it at home on changing his suit.

Or he may not even notice the number of sheets of paper he spoils in the course of the day's work. It is so easy to crumple up a spoiled sheet of paper and take another from the rack. There is a great pile of it there, ready to be used.

And so long as there is an office-boy to clean out the ink-well and put in a new supply from the big brown stone bottle, why trouble to put up the well at night to keep the ink moist.

Ink, too, is very cheap, only 4½d. a bottle. Well, then, there is surely no excuse for a cork in the bottle when you leave the office. It doesn't matter that next morning the pens will be dry and caked. There is another bottle, brand new and handy, in the store cupboard. That only costs 4½d. a jar.

Finally (again argues our typical office waster) there can be no harm in sitting down after work is done and writing six or seven private letters on office paper.

Well, probably not. There is no great harm in any of these things, and many an employer who sees them going on in all directions hesitates to say anything. He has a reasonably good set of men, and he doesn't want to be stingy.

But if he sat down and calculated the extra cost of all this really unnecessary waste, he would find that it meant a heavy addition to his yearly office expenses.

It has been said that the salt and mustard merchants make their fortunes not on what people consume, but on what is left on the plate. This is probably true. Salt and mustard are plentiful, and, therefore cheap, and it surely makes no difference if one takes three times as much as one can possibly use.

The same principle may well be applied to the office waster and his ways. If he could, at the end of the year, see the pile of sheets of paper he has carelessly spoiled or recklessly thrown away, he might be persuaded to have more respect for his employer's materials.

D. G. LEAVER.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE YANKEE SLUMP.

Mid-August account, just completed at time of writing, has been a terrible one for the "bulls" all round; but especially so in the case of Americans, which have had a heavy slump, reaching over seventeen points in Unions.

This slump in the Yankee Market has been predicted over and over again in this column during the last few months, and doubtless most of my readers who operate in this section have benefited by the fall.

I think a still lower level of prices will be reached in the near future, and although strong Anglo-American financial houses have made strenuous efforts to stay the rot as far as Canadian Pacifics are concerned, I think the price of this stock will have to go with the rest of Yankees before long.

Trade in the States is not good, and, consequently, I do not pay much attention to the strike rumours from that country, as strikes only take place when trade is good.

EFFECTS OF THE STRIKES.

In Great Britain the strike fever is assuming rather alarming proportions, and all big employers of labour will find their wages bills very much increased, and this will necessitate in the case of the trade or goods-carrying railways either increased freights or reduced dividends.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the rot, general in all markets at present, will soon disappear and pave the way for a good autumn advance in all classes of stocks and shares.

We cannot expect a great improvement, however, till these labour troubles are on the highroad to settlement, for, apart from the losses directly caused by them, they have a disquieting effect on most markets.

As I have said, however, strikes take place only when the trade of a country is good, and we may confidently look forward to a period of record national prosperity when these matters have been settled.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AGATE" (Edina).—I think you may sleep quite soundly on the stocks you hold, and that you would not be well advised under the circumstances to exchange into concerns of a more speculative character.

P. G. (Dawlish).—No.

H. B. (Sheffield).—In my opinion you have only to sit tight and it will not be long before you see your shares quoted at the old level.

L. E. (Norwich).—The stamp charged on the transaction you name is strictly in accordance with legal requirements, and you, as the buyer o the shares, cannot evade payment.

"NOVICE" (Glasgow).—I think there is a fair sporting chance of the shares reaching the price you name and that it would be advisable to retain your holding, at any rate for the present.

J. D. A. (York).—The transfer stamp and registration fee is always paid by the buyer. Yes, except in the case of certain bank shares, your wife can witness your signature. One witness is sufficient.

M. R. (Southend).—Your Railway Stock will be quoted ex-dividend on the account day after it is paid to the registered holders, and your broker will give you credit for it in the ordinary course.

D. H. (Sefton Park).—I have but a poor opinion of the stock you name, and, although there are possibilities, I think you could make a much better selection.

H. R. (Swansea).—Further inquiries only confirm my former opinion.

"ROLAND" (Gloucester).—I strongly advise you to leave the shares you mention severely alone.

B. D. (Margate).—You are not compelled to pay before delivery, but in fairness to your broker, who has to pay for them directly they reach his hands, you should make such arrangements as will enable him to recoup himself during banking hours on the day of delivery.

K. C. (Liverpool).—(*a*) I do not think so. (*b*) A very speculative share. (*c*) As a permanent investment certainly of the first class.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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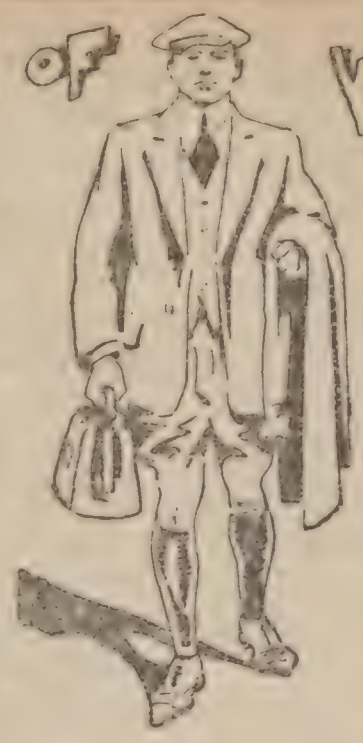
IN DEFENCE OF WEEK-ENDS



THEY KEEP YOU FIT AND GIVE YOU NEW IDEAS.

The week-end habit is condemned in certain quarters as being extravagant, selfish, or sacrilegious, according to the point of view taken by those who oppose it.

Nevertheless, the week-end habit has grown by leaps and bounds within recent years, and it is not to be regretted.

Those who have been in business in London for some time will recollect how, in the old days, every head of a business was at his desk on a Saturday morning as usual.

Gradually the heads of businesses began to take the half-day off, arguing that they would only have put in a few hours anyhow, and that by granting themselves these few hours they could leave on Friday evening, and thus get a much longer week-end holiday in the country.

The chiefs took the Saturday morning off only occasionally at first, but gradually they made it their invariable habit. Then the managers or chief assistants, knowing that their principal would not require them, began to take the Saturday morning off also, and so the custom developed, until now in many offices—particularly in the editorial offices of magazines and weekly publications—it has become almost the universal rule to close the office on Saturday altogether.

THE MENTAL WORKER'S NEED.

In such businesses the work has to be done at great pressure, and the output of mental energy is extreme, which makes it all the more necessary to refresh the tired brain by a thorough break.

The enjoying of a prolonged week-end is not, however, possible with all businesses, and it is, of course, out of the question in the case of factories, warehouses, and so forth.

But, nevertheless, there is an increasing tendency amongst all classes to make the best of the week-end, and to turn this brief respite from work into as thorough a change as possible.

The wealthy man spends his week-end motoring and golfing, while the man of more slender means enjoys it equally well by taking a cycling or walking holiday.

He can bring with him from home a good part of the necessary provisions, his bicycle or his legs save him the cost of travelling, and the only expense that cannot be avoided is the price of a bed and breakfast on the Saturday night and Sunday morning. It is therefore impossible to describe the week-end habit as extravagant, for in most cases you would be spending as much if you remained at home with your friends.

IS THE HABIT SELFISH?

To condemn the week-end habit as selfish is equally unfair.

The married man who went away for week-ends and left his wife behind would certainly be selfish, but this adjective cannot be applied to the young bachelor who is living at home, nor does his going away for week-ends infer any dissatisfaction with his home life. In fact, his short absence from home makes it all the more pleasant and agreeable to him on his return.

As to the week-end habit being sacrilegious, it may be best to leave the question to theologians, but from the average man's point of view there appears to be no harm in innocent enjoyment and recreation on Sunday, for in such a way does he make it a day of rest in the fullest sense of the term.

NOT EVERY WEEK-END.

If you go away every week-end, the habit in time becomes tedious and unrefreshing, but if you go away, say, every third week-end, the break in the usual routine is something to look forward to and something to look back upon.

You get a change of air—you meet new people, you imbibe new ideas, and you return to your daily work with greater satisfaction and with greater ability to succeed.

The week-end spent in idleness at home may be restful, but it does not have upon the mind and body the stimulating effect of a week-end holiday spent elsewhere.

W. C. BURDEN.

A GOLF QUESTION.

A golfing reader wishes to know:

(*a*) Is it permissible when pointing out the line of a putt to touch the ground behind the hole?

(*b*) Is the hole lost because a player's caddie holds a club behind the hole to indicate the line of the putt while the shot is actually being played?

Rule 29 (Sec. I.) reads as follows:

When the player's ball is on the putting green, the player's caddie, his partner, or his partner's caddie, may, *before the stroke is played* (the italics are ours) point out the direction for putting, but in doing this they shall not touch the ground on the proposed line of the putt.

No mark shall be placed anywhere on the putting green.

The penalty for a breach of this rule shall be the loss of the hole.

The answers to the questions are therefore (*a*) No; (*b*) Yes.

Oatine

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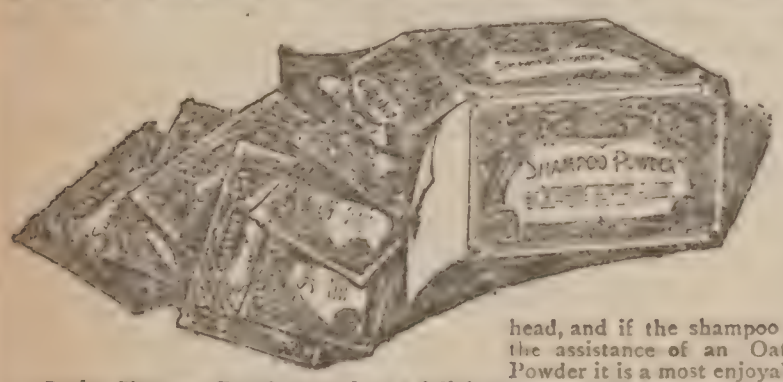

At this time of the year there is nothing quite so delightful and nothing quite so refreshing as a wet shampoo.

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Oatine Shampoo Powders produce a delightful creamy shampoo, which does not in any way injure the healthy growth of the hair by robbing it of its natural oil, as do many shampoo powders. They clean thoroughly and leave the hair soft and glossy, at the same time enhancing its natural colour and lustre.

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A TERRITORIAL STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN, TACTICIAN

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Trooper Archibald Harris,
the original of Trooper Archibald Harris Kernahan
(Drawn from life).

Quite in answer to a politely worded in- ... to the regiment in general, Sergeant ... was incidentally in charge of a small ... onnoitring party.

... London Infantry regiments had ... et loose around Brermouth, where they ... ed on the downs of that town, which ... reports speak of as an excellent ... with very easy access to water for ..., and just over the far, ragged, sand- ... hills is the North Sea, an especial ... to the London regiments, where the ... Territorial may bathe and crack the ... noured "annual" joke.

... there are London regiments and ... ments. Why these particular ... have been christened the West ... od Whifflers by the local units is hard ... understand, as Norwood is not their ... fict.

... the Brermouth Territorials are, justi- ... y or unjustifiably, a little proud of them- ... selves—at least to the extent of refusing to ... be rowdy in their own town, and even away ... the defaulters' list is slight.

... Perhaps it is that they are always by the ... and Brermouth, only one shade removed ... Margate—and, mark you, it is a better ... de—is a plaything in the summertime ... t they are entirely used to. The ozone ... has no appreciable effect upon them. It is ... ir native air. It gives them no undue ... ister.

... forces clashed on the day of the ... nkshire Rifle Derby, when the best men ... y unit were down at the butts over ... the ground where the West Norwood ... were in camp. With them it was ... ernoon. They sauntered up and ... e.

... ing that the Brermouth men took ... exception to was the fact that they ... ed up. They came to that shooting ... trousers—and they were not ... Some wore their belts, some ... slight majority of them had not ... the trouble of buttoning their ...

... th withdrew, as it were, the hem ... garments.

"What a crew!" said everyone, and the ... being present—pretty cousins, pretty ..., and interested young women who ... ring, the gift of one or other of ... petitors—the Brermouth men did not ... over-bucked at being of the Terri- ... Force.

... more outspoken, indulged in the ... erated view peculiar to youth.

"Do ... double event—take a piece ... u!" they said.

... oot there was an informal ... Brermouth Drill Hall to chair ...

... Archibald Harris Kernahan, ... d second, was there ... the others the Sergeant of the ..., who had won.

... of the West Norwood ... unofficially, sprucely clean, ... ered back with much water. ... umely of the Brermouth men had ... without its effect, but the insult ... "You may call a Territorial anything ... sun, but must not call him dirty. ... e of youth cannot swallow ...

... at the chairing a certain amount ... g. Some Whiffler to whom espe- ... ention had been paid that afternoon ... shouldering, and then he hit out. ... utes the whole hall was embroiled. ... Trooper Kernahan, cap off, who, to save the situation, yelled at them in a major's parade voice from the balcony.

"That's a hofficer! Chuck it!" was the general sentiment, due entirely to the fact that the parade dress of the King's Own trooper is very little different to that of his superior officer.

"What a lark!" said Stephen, who looked on from the open doors of the Yeomanry Room that opened out to the balcony.

And Carteret echoed it.

"Chuck on your cloak, K., and let's walk through 'em to see if the beggars 'll salute!" he said.

"Right O!" said Kernahan—a man to whom a jest was much.

A second in the dressing-room and the collaring of their three ash sticks prepared them for their respective parts.

The cloaks were heavy for August, but worth bearing considering they covered up the betraying lack of the star on the shoulder chains that marks the officer.

"Tons of swank and quick march!" said Stephen, gaily.

They made a pompous way down the stairs. And at the bottom the packed masses made a gangway, every Whiffler standing at the salute, while the Brermouth men discreetly smiled.

"Thanks very much!" the three called out in arranged chorus, when they had got to the outer door.

And they threw off their cloaks, Carteret crying:

"Well, you do take a lot for granted!" before he bowed himself out of the big doors.

The roar of laughter of the Brermouth men drowned the buzz of anger that proceeded from the Whifflers.

Outside Kernahan promptly cursed him.

"There! You are an ass, Carteret," he said. "Why the deuce couldn't you have let the laugh of our lot do the trick? Now you've jibed 'em, and, if I know men at all, they'll be down on the whole squadron. Oblige me by kicking our young friend, will you, Stephen?"

As a tactless idiot, he was faithfully served.

* * * * * * *

It was, as has been recorded, entirely due to invitation that the King's Own was present at the field day of the four regiments that were collectively known as the West Norwood Whifflers.

Standing up in his stirrups, Trooper Kernahan made a survey of the surrounding country.

"Plenty of 'em," he said, looking down the winding road and over the country beyond.

"Yes, and a sweaty day," said Hall. "Bloomin' kind of us to turn out, I reckon, and top this battle up nicely."

"If it wasn't for the cavalry," Trooper Stephen quoted, "war would be nothing but a beastly brawl, dear boy."

"As this looks like our minutely particularised division—yes, there's their little Captain Simpkins, with the pig-sticker (wonder if he was ever the funny man in a musical comedy). I think you three chaps had better be the sacrifices," said Sergeant Hall. "But remember to turn the other cheek."

"Not if they serve it as they did this one," said Trooper Carteret, who was still puffy under the right eye. "There were poor old Stephen, Kernahan, and me, y'know, Hall——"

"Yes, I know. You've told me a half-dozen times. Put another string in your lyre. What did you expect to get if you went strolling on the downs with Kernahan and Stephen after gratuitously rubbing it in like you did in the Drill Hall?"

"Don't know. I didn't suggest it. It was one of Kernahan's giddy manœuvres, in my opinion, but when his feint attack consists of getting three loyal troopers of the K.O., including his blooming self, fairly scragged by a lot of half-drunken Whifflers, then I say he's no tactician."

"Did you note, though," said Hall—Kernahan was already tethering his horse some paces off—"that the Whifflers have fairly smiled on us lately? There are occasions, too, when the feelings of the men find expression in the action of the officers. They aren't all brass-hatted despots. Observe our present invitation to adorn their field day."

"Well, what of it?" asked Carteret blankly.

"Oh, Stephen, kick h'm!" groaned Hall, in the tone of one who has tried in vain to give more effect to his meaning by avoiding the clumsy rendering of it in exact words.

Some five minutes later Troopers Kernahan, Stephen, and Carteret were lying upon as pretty a little ridge as there is in the rather flat country round Brermouth.

Fancifully marking off the main body of the advancing enemy, they slipped the sight up to five hundred yards.

"I think," said a voice behind them, "that it's nigher six, cocky."

"Why, how d'ye do, Corporal?" said Kernahan effusively.

"Do too dam' well for you, young man. I'd 'ave you to know you're out of action."

"Not a bad thing either on an afternoon like this. But—as a mere formality——"

The Corporal whistled. A dozen rifles were poked through the high waving gorse at the back, and there were some cockney laughs.

As the Corporal sarcastically observed, it was the very worst, if the prettiest place, to choose for guerilla sniping.

Kernahan regarded the gorse for a space, as if he had not noticed it before.

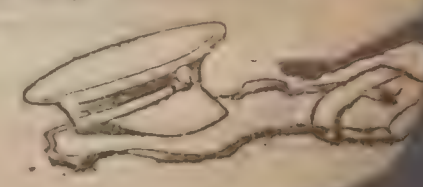
"Hanged if you aren't right," said he. "But there. I've only been in the Yeomanry for eight years. You never learn much in the Yeomanry, you know, Corporal——"

"Except a lot of play actin'."

"Look here," Kernahan rapped out suddenly. "I think we're square on that account. About a dozen of your chaps——"

"Yes, that's quite right, Corporal," a Lance put in. "They've 'ad their dressin' down,"

(Continued on page 24.)



THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE GOLFER'S JACKET.

The hot weather, trying as it has been, has to be thanked for at least one little bright spot—I refer to the humour surrounding the heated newspaper discussion as to whether members of golf clubs should be allowed to enjoy their game with their jackets off.

Golf on a hot day is a strenuous exercise, and some sensible men discarded their coats. Thereupon they were, to their surprise, informed by their club officials that they were breaking one of the oldest traditions of the game.

Various club secretaries have been interviewed on the subject, and they are almost unanimous in maintaining that the golfer must wear a jacket.

The only practical reason they can produce is that the pockets thereof are necessary for carrying tobacco, matches, and spare balls.

Officialdom is tyrannous enough in all conscience when one runs foul of it in more serious walks of life, but here it has been benevolent in making the world laugh even while the world perspired.

HAT RIBBONS.

I am indebted to readers of this page for suggesting many of the topics which I have dealt with from time to time. I have been favoured with many useful tips, which I have experimented with and have then passed on, if I found them serviceable; other paragraphs have been suggested by inquiries; altogether this feature owes much to the assistance of readers.

With that dutiful acknowledgment, I may be permitted to mention that some of the suggestions I get are not practicable. Here is an amusing one.

"The ribbon of my green felt hat," writes a Brighton correspondent, "became discoloured round the base from grease and perspiration working through. I tried brushing it gently with a little brilliantine, which darkened the whole ribbon, and now it is all one colour."

This is one of the tips that I *don't* propose to put to the test. I can imagine the beautiful peach-bloom effect of a day's London dust on the oily ribbon.

I need scarcely say that what my friend ought to have done was to take the hat to the shop where he bought it, and get a new ribbon fixed on it.

A shiny or shabby ribbon makes any hat look old before its day, but the remedy is renewal and not brilliantine.

RENOVATING SHIRTS.

The part of a shirt that first shows signs of wear and tear is the cuffs, and this is specially the case with shirts that have starched cuffs.

If the shirt is quite sound in other respects, you should have the cuffs removed altogether, and in their place have a plain wrist-band fixed with a button.

Material for this wrist-band will be found in the cuffs themselves. When they have been well soaked in water, and all the starch taken out of them, they can easily be cut and sewn into the form of a wrist-band by any competent needlewoman.

MOUSTACHES.

"Should a man of thirty wear a moustache or should he not?" is the query contained in a letter which has been forwarded to me by the Editor.

I am not certain that this inquiry comes within my department, but I suppose that the Physical Culture expert would say that it concerned him as little, and I presume that the Editor, being clean-shaven himself, might feel that his opinion would be prejudiced.

As for my opinion, here goes.

If you want to look about five years older than you are, wear a moustache. Young men frequently find it a commercial advantage to look rather older than their age, but the majority of men at the present time are desirous of looking as young as they can.

To grow a really good moustache you require a fairly long upper lip, a man with a short upper lip never being able to produce anything worthy of the name.

If you are fair-haired—or if the hair on your face is fair, and it sometimes is so even although the hair on your head is comparatively dark—you will probably look best without a moustache, for a fair moustache generally makes a man look effeminate. It seems a contradiction in terms, but such is the case.

Although there is at present a tendency for men to shave their upper lip, moustaches cannot be considered unfashionable, and the simplest course for the man of thirty, or of any other age, is to grow a moustache and to decide whether it improves him or not. If it doesn't, he ought to shave it off.

BURST SEAMS.

In the course of the same day I recently saw an object lesson on the carelessness of tailors and hosiers respectively.

In the one case it was a well-dressed [illegible] with the seam at the back of his right [illegible] burst almost from shoulder to armpit.

He was totally unconscious of the fact, and I could picture his feelings when some [illegible] pointed it out to him. As he was a [illegible] I did not like to do so, for I did not [illegible] how he might take it.

The other was also very well dressed, and he was wearing socks of the [illegible] delicate shade of heliotrope. They were beautiful socks, but their beauty was marred by the fact that just above the heel of his shoe the seam had given way, and two inches of bare foot was visible to all beholders.

Some tailors and hosiers are worse than others in this respect, and I suppose it is to a certain extent, the result of sweating labour, but none of them should be regarded as infallible, and I advise all who take an interest in their clothes periodically to examine their clothes periodically to see whether the seams are perfectly whole and sound.

You can kill two birds with one stone by having a look at the same time for any grease spots that may require sponging.

THE HEIGHT OF TROUSERS.

"Why," asks an Edinburgh reader, "do tailors cut trousers so high? I think they ought to stop at the waist, but tailors always cut them from three to six inches higher than that, and my tailor, at least, prevents me from suit from being comfortable by making the garment tight just where the top [illegible] comes. You can stand the trousers round the waist, but it is uncomfortable when they are tight over the short ribs."

The reason why tailors cut trousers high is because, if they did not do so, there would be the danger of an aching void appearing between the nether garments and the coat.

At the present time it is the fashion [illegible] to wear their vests with the lowermost [illegible] undone. The reason is that this prevents the vest from being creased across the [illegible] This being so, there is all the more [illegible] for a bit of margin in regard to the [illegible] for nothing looks worse than the [illegible]

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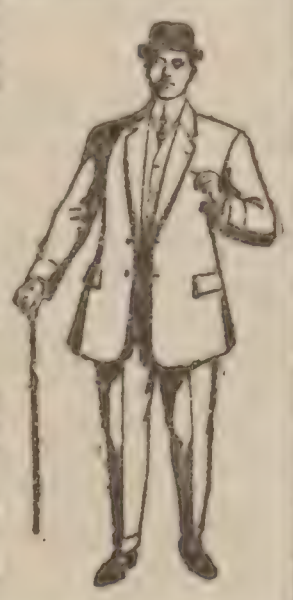

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of a trouser button or the brass clip with which some tailors fix the top of the trousers. As to my reader's objection that high-cut trousers are uncomfortable, this is obviously the fault of his tailor. Well-cut trousers should come snugly in at the waist, and should then expand a little, so as to leave perfect ease and freedom round the lower ribs.

Your old Suit will come back looking like new

After it has gone through our wonderful Tailor-pressing, Cleaning and Repairing process. Have you a Suit that is out of shape or turned shiny in places?

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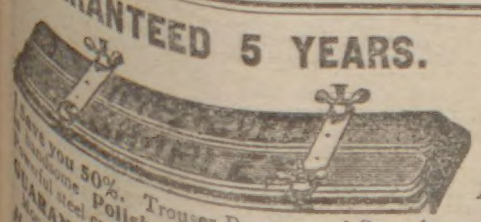

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HOGBACK, M.P., GLOBE-TROTTER

A COLONIAL VIEW OF THE TRAVELLING LEGISLATOR.

All globe-trotters, of course, are not objectionable.

Many are pleasant, cultured people, with the vagrant instinct, or, as the Germans say, the *wandergeist*, strong within them.

They spend their lives wandering on the face of the earth, paying as they go, and avoiding beaten tracks.

But there are others, and a certain type of globe-trotter is feared, loathed, and despised wherever he goes, more especially by oversea Britons.

He is usually a fairly influential Member of Parliament—of which party I firmly decline to say—and he is often very rich. The richer he is, the more determined is he to do his tour of the world on the cheap, or rather to do himself very well at other people's expense.

Having decided to give the world the privilege of seeing the Member for Pottytoun-on-Mud, and of hearing his views on every subject under the sun, his first step is to secure a sheaf of introductions to British viceroys, governors, consuls, and other leading people of the countries he intends to visit. He has no difficulty in obtaining these from the secret and powerful enemies of the officials in question.

SECURING A FREE PASSAGE.

Next he wants a free passage. Perhaps he or some friend has a "pull" in the shipping and railway worlds, and in that case matters are easily arranged.

Failing this, he selects the lines he would like to travel by, informs the managers of his gracious intentions, asks for "facilities," and hints that he will probably be writing a book on his travels.

The managers may be morally certain that he will repay any favours by abusing their lines, but they hope against hope, and give him free transit.

Except perhaps when he enters a foreign country, Hogback, M.P. (the name is purely fictitious), travels free, and even then he usually insists on our ambassador, or other representative, moving heaven and earth to secure him a free pass.

On board ship he drinks water, save when anybody offers to stand him a drink. He declaims politics in the smoking-room till he empties it. He hectors the captain and officers. He even "forgets" to tip the stewards, a fact which, I must say, speaks volumes for his courage.

OFFICIAL HOMAGE.

Our representative at his first port of landing has been advised of his coming, and government servants are waiting to take his baggage ashore, while, as a matter of course, he goes to stay at Government House or the British Consulate.

If he is staying any length of time he is made an honorary member of the club and any regimental mess there may happen to be. He interprets this compliment as meaning that he is entitled to free meals and refreshments at both places

A.D.C.'s are at his beck and call from early dawn till late at night. He is dined and wined and shown everything worth seeing.

Strong men tremble before him. Why? Because even an ordinary M.P. has power to wreck an overseas official's career, more especially when he is a political enemy in power. A question in Parliament, a letter to the Press, and the official may henceforth be a marked man.

And so Hogback, M.P., traverses the British Empire, cadging on everyone for hospitality, offering none in return, poking his nose into matters that do not concern him, teaching officials of life-long experience how to do their work, sometimes seeking to undermine our rule, always leaving behind him impotent rage, bitterness, and resentment.

Arrived home, he, of course, writes a book. It might just as well have been written before he started, for all the value or accuracy of his "impressions."

The greater part of it is taken up with wearisome descriptions of what he had to eat; what he thought of the Taj Mahal, or Sydney Harbour; of the mosquitos and other insects that troubled him; but the rest is dangerous.

On the strength of a few days' stay he lays down the law on how this or that country should be governed; he criticises its inhabitants and institutions in offensive and ignorant terms.

INDISCRIMINATE CONDEMNATION.

He slings mud at officials who have not in his opinion shown him sufficient deference, or whose methods he is prepared to condemn at sight.

He denounces the extravagance of the Army officers who entertained him, yet what would he have said had they given him bread-and-cheese instead of champagne and all the available delicacies of the season?

He has had any amount of hospitality from men abroad, who in many cases could ill afford it; but will he repay it when they come home on leave? Not much. If they venture to remind him of their existence he will either ignore them or give them plainly to understand that although he did not mind sponging on them abroad he has no use for undistinguished and impecunious foreign or Colonial civil servants or Army officers at home.

HIS RETURN COURTESIES.

As for remembering the native colonials at whose houses, ranches, stations, and farms he stayed when there were no Government officials to put him up should they pay a visit to the Old Country, the idea would be too preposterous.

A vague invitation to come and dine at the club or have tea on the Terrace *some* day is the most that they are ever likely to get out of him.

Hogback, M.P., is, in short, an unlovely, greedy, ungrateful, interfering pig and prig, almost incredibly bumptious and self-satisfied.

If anything could shake Colonial loyalty towards the Old Country, it would be the conduct of such visitors as he.

NORMAN FRASER.

NON-COM. DEFAULTERS.

Non-commissioned officers guilty of minor offences are either "reprimanded" or "severely reprimanded," and, as in the case of the private's C.B., a record of the award is kept on the "conduct sheet" provided for every soldier.

The non.-com., of course, escapes those irksome additional duties that fall to the lot of the defaulting private, but he is confined to barracks on the day he is reprimanded.

The conduct sheets finally serve as a guide to the commanding officer in assessing the man's character on his discharge, so that a "clean sheet" is a source of pride and satisfaction to the man whose name appears thereon.

It is very important in his search for civilian employment,

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

N. B. (Liverpool).—The Lancashire Hussars would probably suit you. Their headquarters are at Prince Alfred Road, Liverpool.

W. D. (Bow).—Police detectives start as ordinary constables.

H. L. (Brockley) and **E. B.** (Tidworth).—The offices of the National Union of Clerks are at 110, Cheapside, E.C.

P. C. K. (Leamington Spa) and **E. J.** (York).—You could not learn massage satisfactorily from a book; get some practical lessons. The masseur at the nearest hospital might put you on the right track.

W. H. SATLING, 33, Fore Street, Ipswich, would like to meet a local reader interested in sport.

M. L. (Swindon).—It is generally admitted that to smoke a pipe instead of cigarettes is better for a man in training, but we advise you not to indulge to excess in either.

P. S. (Pangbourne).—What you want is a few practical lessons from an expert angler. It is impossible to learn the art altogether from books, although they are often highly useful.

F. E. L. (Handsworth). — We do not think it should be difficult for you to find some chap in your locality who would be glad of your old togs, but you should keep some yourself for knocking about in.

E. M. (Gloucester).—The man to whom to apply is the secretary of the department in question.

B. M. (Leeds).—It is not for us to advise a man to throw up his job and emigrate. You know your own qualifications best. Self-reliance is one of the things you need if you wish to be successful in any of the Colonies.

A. S. (Walton-on-Thames).—Most of our back numbers are entirely out of print. Your best plan would be to advertise in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page. Possibly some reader may have duplicates of the numbers you require.

R. E. W. (Tayport).—We advise you to have a chat with your neighbour, and to endeavour to settle the dispute amicably. It is always best to avoid legal proceedings if possible in these matters.

O. H. (Stafford).—As you cycle so frequently and cover such long distances, a three-speed gear would certainly be a great advantage to you.

J. G. S. (Dulwich).—The correct way of putting on new gloves is to work all the fingers right in before inserting the thumb at all. Do this and they will not split, but it is never advisable to get them small.

H. C. (Bristol).—Consult your company commander. If your reasons for de-iring to transfer to another Territorial unit are satisfactory, he will make it easy for you.

J. H. (Tooting).—If you wish to be popular with the members of your club, you must learn not to take offence at a little harmless chaff on their part. All new members have to go through it, and upon how you take it depends your future popularity at that particular club.

W. J. S. (Portsmouth).—There is no MODERN MAN Club in your town.

R. W. (Sydenham) complains that the neighbours on each side of him have daughters of varying ages all learning to play the piano, that not one of them is a genius, and that the dividing walls, as is usual in suburban villas, are woefully thin. We are sorry for you, old chap, but as you cannot afford to change your diggings, which you say are comfortable and reasonable in price, we are afraid you will have to put up with the inconvenience.

J. B. (Northampton).—Many thanks for getting your newsagent to show the poster, which will be sent to him regularly in future. You are the kind of reader we like.

A. J. R. (Aberdeen), **C. H.** (Durham), **G. G. W.** (Edinburgh), **M. P. A.** (Brondesbury Park), **R. R.** (Colchester), **A. D. R.** (Newcastle-on-Tyne), **T. R.** (Dublin).—Much obliged.

TROOPER KERNAHAN, TACTICIAN.

(Continued from page 21).

"And now," Kernahan laughed, "you top it up by capturing us. Have the decency, for Heaven's sake, to extend us a bit of courtesy."

"Don't rub salt into the wound," said Trooper Stephen—but being unworthy of the name of play-actor, he had to turn away suddenly to watch a bird in its flight.

"Well, what's the order, Corporal? We're the captives of your assegai. Is it immediate outing, or do you grant us parole?" asked Trooper Kernahan.

"You will be duly 'anded over to the Captain," said the Corporal. "'E's now advancin' be'ind them little 'ills, takin' care not to move on the sky line when 'e can proceed safely in cover, which is what I call tattics."

"And what might tattics be?" asked Kernahan innocently.

"You 'old your lip," returned the Corporal shortly. "The Captain will explain to you when we 'and you over to 'im."

"Are we to be shot in cold blood?" Kernahan inquired.

"You'll know soon enough," said the Corporal.

"I see. Stephen, my boy, it strikes me that they regard us in the light of scalps," said Kernahan.

"You tike," said the little Corporal pointedly—rather wishing the main body would hurry up—"too much for granted."

"Is that an umpire riding across the plain, Stephen?" asked Kernahan, deftly turning the enemy's flank.

"White badge on his arm," returned Stephen shortly. "It must be."

They relapsed into silence for a space. Nothing disturbed the peace of the afternoon but the snapping of Carteret's cigarette case and the sound of Stephen's pipe being knocked on his heel. Kernahan fell to packing his briar.

The Corporal's men looked on enviously. It was a hot afternoon when the thought of a cool pipe of tobacco is an agony to the Territorial, who may not smoke in mimic action.

"There is," observed Trooper Kernahan, puffing big clouds, "some solace in being a poor prisoner, Corporal."

But the Corporal was stoical. He merely pulled out a handkerchief and patted his brow. The sun had peeled up his delicate skin cruelly. But his little, keen eyes he kept on the hills in the middle distance—which obliterate the gully into which you will never under any circumstances get a Brer mouth-bred officer to lead his men.

It had been for the Corporal a fatiguing day. Kernahan forgave him his short temper this little man from the town—probably entirely unfit, bearing it all after an all-the-year-round-office-stool training. . . .

"They're a long time getting out of the gully," Kernahan observed.

"'Alted there to reconnoitre the position."

"Bad place to halt," said Kernahan. "Dev'lish bad. I've known divisions to halt there before, but they weren't over conversant with the country."

"And what lot is that coming over from the woods?" said Stephen.

"'Orses," said the Corporal.

"I happen to have a pair of glasses," said Kernahan, handing them to him.

The little man adjusted the focus.

"Some of your lot!" he said. "But they'll 'ave to 'urry up."

"Yes, white bands round their hats. They match our adornments, Stephen. Possibly it would be 'A' Squadron."

"Why not your squadron?"

Kernahan put up the glasses.

"Because they're closing in from the other side. And there's a handful at the back of us. It'll be very pretty, Corporal."

There was neither triumph nor sarcasm in his tone.

"An' it's Captain Tompkins's first command," sighed the Corporal. "I can guess 'ow it feels. Now, 'e thought—"

"Not much use what he *thought*. Horrible thing about this flat country—to be fresh—is that there are occasionally declivities in it. Very confusing to any man new to the lie of the land. Can't exactly blame your captain. You must never——"

He broke off and rose, all smiles, to wave cheerily to a couple of troops headed by Sergeant Hall, that, with an umpire in tow, had shown suddenly along the bridle-path at the back of the gorse.

"Never take too much for granted, you know, Corporal," he concluded, smacking the little man on the back.

There was an agonised moment for the perspiring but still zealous little non-commissioned officer. But the umpire pronounced his ruling without hesitation.

"Oh, so we're all out of action then," said Kernahan. "Well, Corporal, I know a little farmhouse just near here where you can get the nicest teas and the best raspberries and cream in all Blankshire. Come along."

He linked his arm.

"We're the mighty fallen, old sportsman," he said. "We must drown our sorrows in drink and song to-night. Daresay you could find some chaps to come up to a little informal smoker at the Drill Hall, eh? There's Room? Oh, yes, there's tons of room. There's a partition, you know, that throws the billiard-room and the Yeomanry Room into one. You and I and the present company can——"

"Squat in baulk," said the little Corporal rather more happily.

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DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Dark lounge, chest 35in., suit man 5ft. 8in., two pairs trousers, good condition, cost 4½ guineas, 25s.; Burberry semi-riding breeches, 15s.; silver sovereign purse, holds 5, best London make, cost 14s. 6d., 6s.; silver watch chain, 15in. long, 5s.; handsome partridge cane stick, silver mounts, hook handle, 3s. 6d.—Box 4947, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent.'s glacé kid or box-calf boots for P.O. 8s. 6d. Direct from factory at wholesale prices. Fair wear, or free pair guaranteed. Sensational advertising offer. One pair given free to every customer selling six pairs.—Particulars and catalogue sent on application, Leslie's Boot Factory, 29, St. Leonard's Road, Leicester.

Lovely summer suit, never been worn; 30s.; chest 38in.—Box 4934, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Sandow's spring grip dumb-bells, cost 12s. 6d., take half.—Box 4940, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 14ft. sea trout rod, in good order, by well-known maker.—Box 4941, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's all-weather easy-running cycle, oil-bath gear case, Bowden brakes, Clipper tyres, Brooks' saddle, used few times, unsoiled, great bargain, £4 10s.—Box 4942, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bicycle, good condition, 25in. or 26in. frame, cheap, for cash.—Box 4943, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, croquet set, good condition, second-hand.—Box 4944, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fishermen! Fish bite like hungry wolves when using Magic Fish Lure. Recipe, 7d.—Hughes. Publisher, Weston-super-Mare.

Wanted to purchase, gymnastic apparatus, or complete gymnasium.—Box 4945, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's all black Golden Sunbeam bicycle, only purchased eight months ago, practically new, cost with accessories £18, will sacrifice for £12 sharp cash.—Box 4946, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a second-hand brown leather cricket bag. Approval. Write particulars. — Box 4947, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cricket bag, with leather binding, straps, and lock; two perfect Badminton racquets, boy's cricket set; lot 10s. 6d.; bargain; or will separate.—Box 4948, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, conjuring apparatus, repository made, also good thought-reading tricks, cheap, cash.—Box 4949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's racing cycle or Dursley-Pedersen; exchange smart, speedy, and reliable motor-cycle.—Box 4950, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, set golf clubs and bag.—Write full particulars, Box 4951, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, double-barrelled gun, good condition; good value; exchange B.S.A. air rifle and Quackenbush pocket rifle; both new condition, cost £4 10s., or sell.—Box 4952, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, a second-hand .20 bore hammerless ejector gun in good condition.—Box 4953, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Gem No. 2, or similar air-gun, good condition.—Box 4955, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wanted, cheap, good ¼-plate folding camera, good lens, recent make.—Box 4956, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, ½-plate camera, complete, latest and modern, lowest cash price.—Box 4958, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally. Treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

Sloan-Duployan up-to-date shorthand. Saves a year's study. Highest speeds. Simple. Rapid. Legible. Practical. Learned in twelve lessons. Interesting handbooks free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

Eight 6s. volumes "Cassell's Encyclopædia" (new), American guinea course of hypnotism. Offers.—Box 4937, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

FINANCIAL, &c.

£300 British Homes certificate, present value £50, premiums paid to October. What offers?—Box 4959, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted to buy, Provident bonds, value not exceeding £400; state terms.—Box 4960, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 Provident Association, London, ballot bond for sale, 8½ years expired, £55 5s. paid to date. What offers?—Box 4961, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Save dentists' bills! Have a healthy mouth. Booklet giving best advice and valuable prescriptions. P.O. 7d.—Box 4935, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Moustache Grower. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces a magnificent Moustache in a remarkably short time on the most boyish face. A 6d. tin will be sent by return in plain wrapper (postage 1d. extra). Send 7d. to A. Pendun (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5s. safety razor, complete in case, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4804, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Latest.—Modern Man Scissors.—Containing 18 different tools—viz., scissors, cigar cutter, wire cutter, screw-driver, ruler, glass-cutter, glass-breaker, cartridge extractor, stereoscope, marking wheel, nail file, cigar-box opener, raising knife, gas-pipe tongs, measure, hammer, penknife, hole cutter. Valuable companion, complete in leather case, with full instructions, post free, 2s. 6d.—Lewis and Co., 16, Thornton Street, West Hartlepool.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

21s. safety razor, brand new, 3s. 4d. post free.—Box 4758, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Honey—Keeps you in health. Invaluable to all athletes in training. Any quantity, in sections or extracted, sent direct from Norfolk at 9d. per pound, carriage paid.—Apply in first instance to Box 4938, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Liquid metal polish, black and brown boot polishes; three splendid recipes, P.O. 1s.—Box 4936, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Employ yourself. Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the Know How. 1s. 2d. post paid.—Porritt, Publisher, Bury, Lancs.

For Sale: Cabin trunk, telescope, camera, tennis racquet, disc bar-bell, astronomical telescope, mirroscope, calculating rule, course occult science, famous weight-lifting course, flute and tutor.—Particulars, Jas. Barber, Bradwell, Sheffield.

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Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

22S. 6D.—Gladstone Bag, solid cowhide, 24in., strong leather straps, nickel silver fittings, etc.; perfect condition, unsoiled; magnificent £4 4s. bag; sacrifice, 22s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s superior quality, £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 39in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

12S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

29S. 6D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 234, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Magnificent New Competition
FOR "MODERN MAN" READERS.

EVERYONE WHO COMPLETES WILL RECEIVE A SPLENDID PRIZE.

Prizes Ranging from £10 to £1 10s. in Cash.

A Pair of Sandow's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells Free

For Seven Days' Trial.

To secure a pair of Sandow's Famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for seven days' free home trial, and full particulars of the most wonderful competition ever announced, which is open to every MODERN MAN reader to enter without entrance fee, and in which every boy, youth, man, girl, and woman who completes will receive a Prize, as announced above, it is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed.

With every pair of Dumb-Bells is also sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These Charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells.

If, after using these Dumb-Bells for Seven Days free, you decide to keep them, send us a deposit of 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means the small sum of One Penny per Day.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells are now acknowledged to be the most perfect physical Appliance ever invented, and hundreds of thousands of pairs are in daily use in every country on the face of the earth. They are equally suitable for the delicate and strong; their resistance can be adjusted to the strength of the weakest, and increased as occasion arises. They are a complete Physical Culture Outfit for use in the home by any person at any age.

Simple Conditions of Remarkable Competition Now Available.

The user of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells quickly becomes as "fit as a fiddle" and as "strong as a lion," graceful in proportions, and dignified in carriage. You can put three inches on your chest measurement, and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the Grip Dumb-Bells a few minutes a day for three months.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells; there is no entrance fee to the competition in which everyone is able to secure a prize.

Don't delay; fill in the form below and forward at once.

Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, W.C.

Date.....1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair* of your Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.